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The merry go-round for all girls and boys

Mary Dow Brine

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THE MERRY GO-ROUND.

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OUR NEW BOOK.

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THE MERRY GO-ROUND

FOR

ALL GIRLS AND BOYS.

BY

MARY D. BRINE

Author of "Stories Grandma Told," "A Mother's Song," "Papa's Little Daughters," "Four Little Friends," "Jingles and Joys," etc., etc.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED,

NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS AND MELBOURNE.

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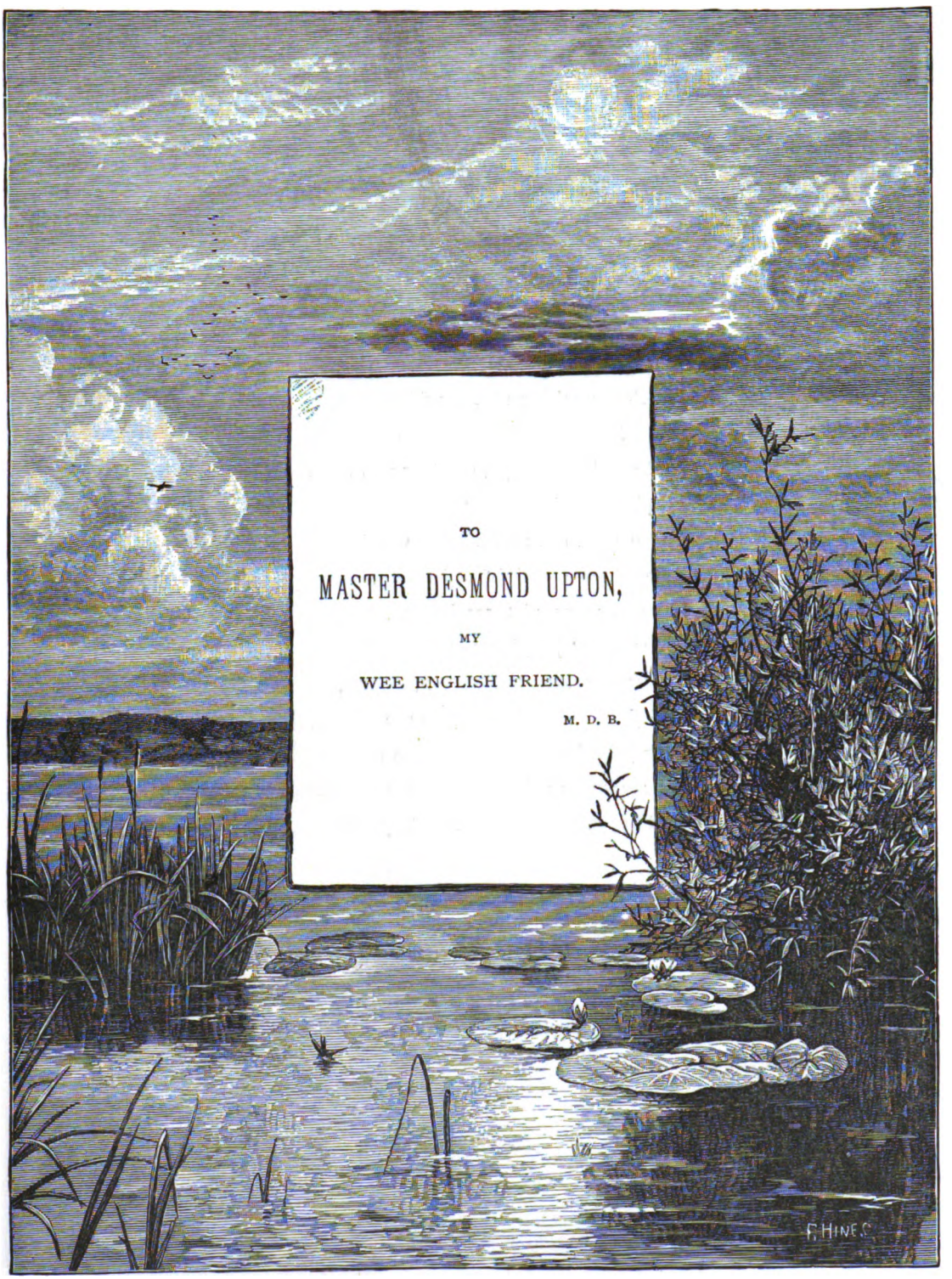

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The Merry Go-Round.

Come Brown Eyes, Black Eyes, Gray and Blue
Here's something nice for all of you.
See, Rhymes and pictures all complete,
And good plain type, so clear and neat.
All placed in harmony together,
And made to fit all kinds of weather—
Rainy days, or bright and sunny,
Pictures sober, pictures funny,
Rhymes just jingling as they go,
To catch you on the way, you know,
And jingles rhyming just to see
How full of nonsense they can be.
A "merry go-round" of real good times
Made up of pictures and of rhymes.

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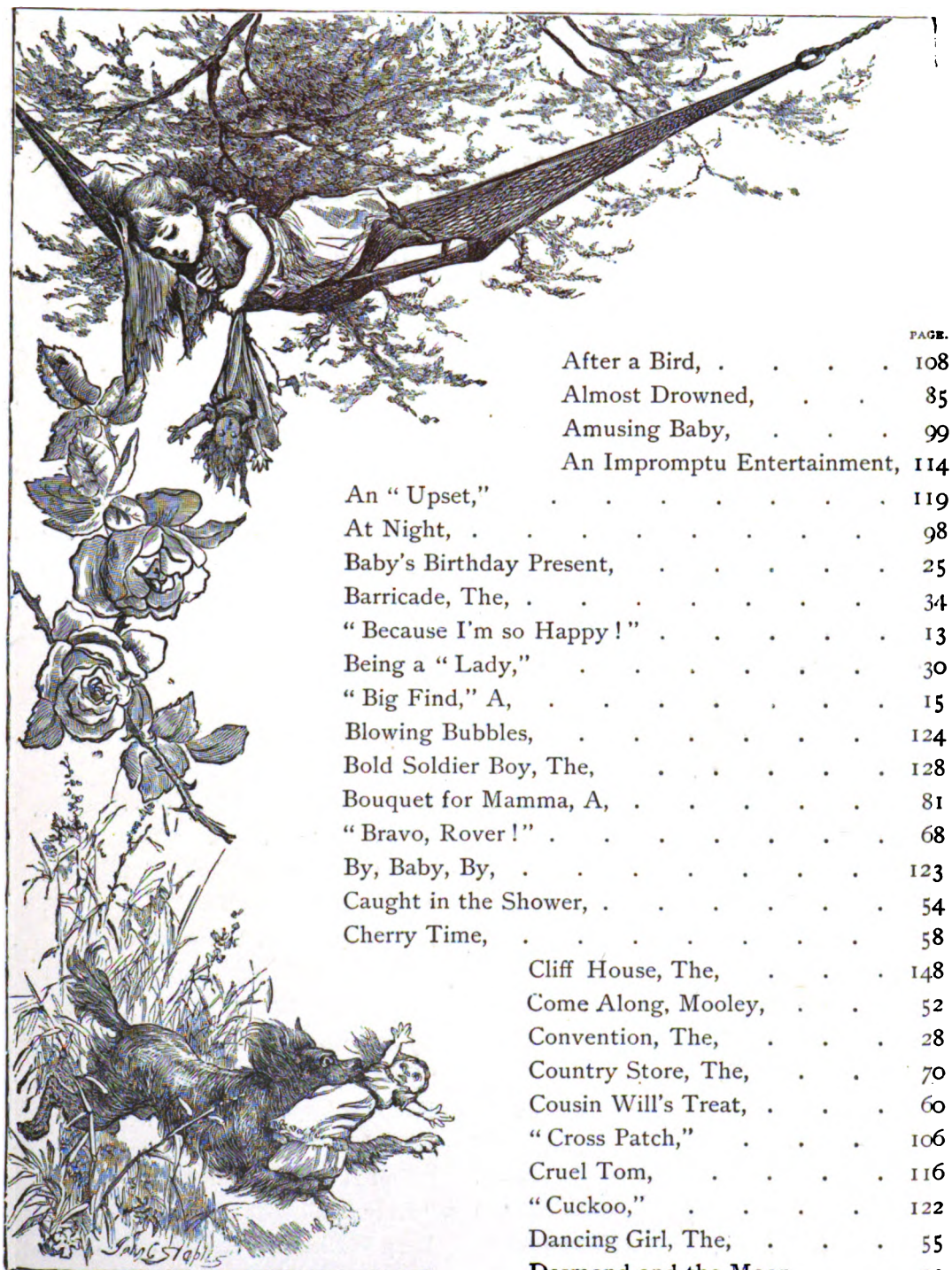

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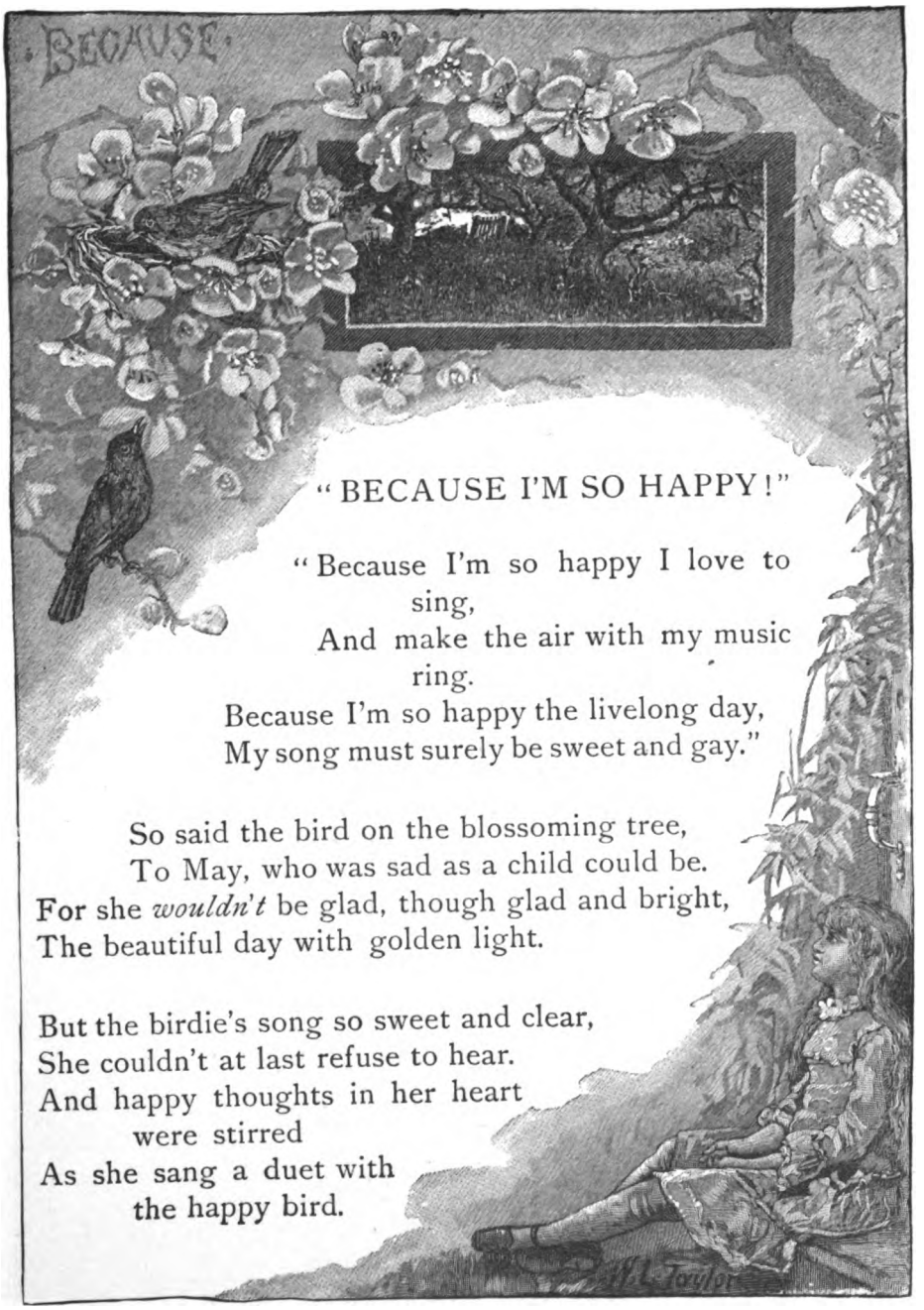
THE MERRY GO-ROUND.

BY MARY D. BRINE.



"BECAUSE I'M SO HAPPY!"

"Because I'm so happy I love to sing,
And make the air with my music ring.
Because I'm so happy the livelong day,
My song must surely be sweet and gay."

So said the bird on the blossoming tree,
To May, who was sad as a child could be.
For she *wouldn't* be glad, though glad and bright,
The beautiful day with golden light.

But the birdie's song so sweet and clear,
She couldn't at last refuse to hear.
And happy thoughts in her heart were stirred
As she sang a duet with the happy bird.

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THERE HE GOES.

"There he goes! see him Dick!
See how fast he flies!
A mile a minute? 'Twon't be long
Before he'll touch the skies.
Don't you sometimes wonder how
It feels to be up there?
Oh, Dick, I wish that *we* had wings
To lift us in the air."

"Oh, no," cries Dick, "*I'd* rather stay
Right here on solid ground,
Than have to flap a pair of wings
To paddle us around.
Let birdie soar to realms above,
We'll sing our songs below,
And leave to *fancy* and the like,
The *soaring* part, you know.

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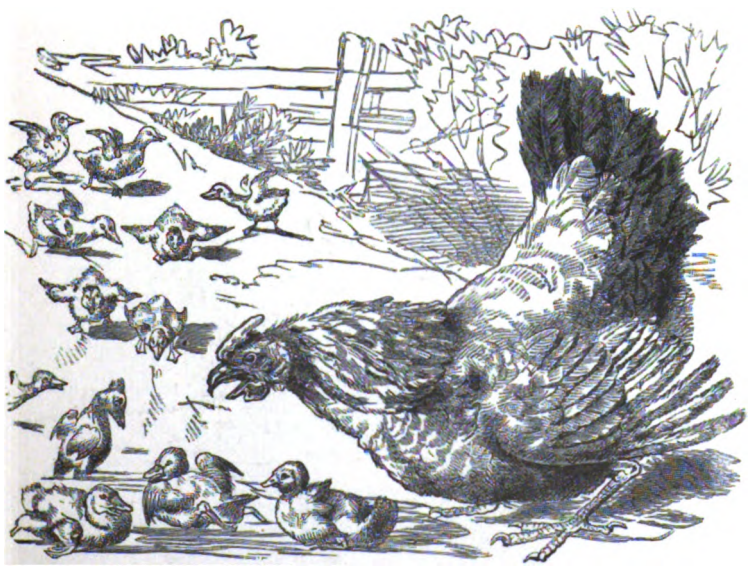
OLD DOBBIN.

Kind old Dobbin, have a care!
Baby Bess's fluffy hair
Is not meant for you to eat.
Where's your hay, so nice and sweet?
Or perhaps you mean to take,
Only a *kiss*, for love's kind sake.
Well, 'tis plain the little maid
Is not of your mouth afraid.
So we'll leave her, Dobbin dear,
To your care without a fear.



STRANGE CHILDREN.

Poor old hen! no wonder
She cries with such alarm
To see her flat-nosed babies
In danger of such harm!
Such queer, strange creatures are they,
Unlike all chicks before!
"They'll drown!" her heart is thinking,
"Before the day is o'er."
Poor old hen, be easy,
Nor fret your life away,
For *ducks will* take to water,
While hens on land must stay.

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OPEN THE DOOR.

Open the door, and let me in!
Mamma, *please* open the door.
I'm sorry I was a naughty girl,
I won't be any more.

I won't be naughty again, mamma,
Just open the door and see!
The frown's all gone, and I'll truly try
A *good* little girl to be.

THE FARM-YARD.

Baby Bobby, aged but four,
Says he "Yuns" a farm, and so
He puts his sheep upon the floor,
And builds the farm around, you know.
Farmer Bobby, there is he,
Satisfied with farm and lands.
Just as rich as rich can be,
All the labor of his hands!

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THREE LITTLE MIDGETS.

Three little midgets went *up* the hill,
Oh dear! what a jolly time they had!
There were—let me see—one baby, one girl,
And one little, dear little lad.
As neat and clean as new pins were they,
And fresh as the morn of a new, glad day.

GOING UP THE HILL.

And they started off all merry and gay,
Wee baby, sweet Bessie, bold Tad!

COMING DOWN THE HILL.

Three little midgets came *down* the hill.
Oh dear, oh dear! how tired were they!
There were terrible rents in their dainty clothes!
Oh, what would the mother say?
But never mind! what fun they had,
Baby, and Bessie, and tired Tad;
In spite of the rents they were all of them glad
Because of the merry day.

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THE REASON WHY.

Maybe she thought that Santa Claus
Didn't know it, day by day.
When she was a naughty girl
In her home or at her play.

Maybe Nellie thought that he
Lived so far away, you know,
He'd never dream that she could strike
And tease her little sisters so.

But he must have found it out,
For I heard a sorry tale
Of a Christmas morn which made
Little Nellie weep and wail

O'er a stocking filled with stones,
(Emblems of each naughty deed,)
And a whip for whoso'er
Its kind services might need.

But when Christmas comes again
Better presents she may find,
For a little girl who tries
Now, to be so good and kind.

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WILLIE AND "BLACK BESS."

Black Bess was Willie's horse, you see,
(At least that's how *he* used to put it,)
And when he saw a chance to ride
He saw no use of having to "*foot* it."
But Bess "had such a slippery back"—
So Will complained—"he couldn't stay *on*.
And mamma said, "Bess was far too high
For a wee little boy to ride upon."

But one fine day he climbed the fence,
Poor little disobedient Willie!
And clambered from there to the horse's back,
(No doubt Black Bess thought it dreadfully silly.)
And Willie, he felt like a giant man,
As he sat upright, and old Bess moved on.
But—after the fall—it was *Willie* who cried,
"*It's too high* for a boy to ride upon."

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THE RUDE WINDS.

Poor little Daisy! the winds are so rude,
  She's afraid of the gale at last.
And she feels like a feather, the wee little maid,
  Blown on by the breeze so fast.
And she holds to her *hat*, and she cries, "Oh, dear
My *head* will be blown off next, I fear.
And I wish the winds would at least keep still
When a small little girl is on top of a hill."

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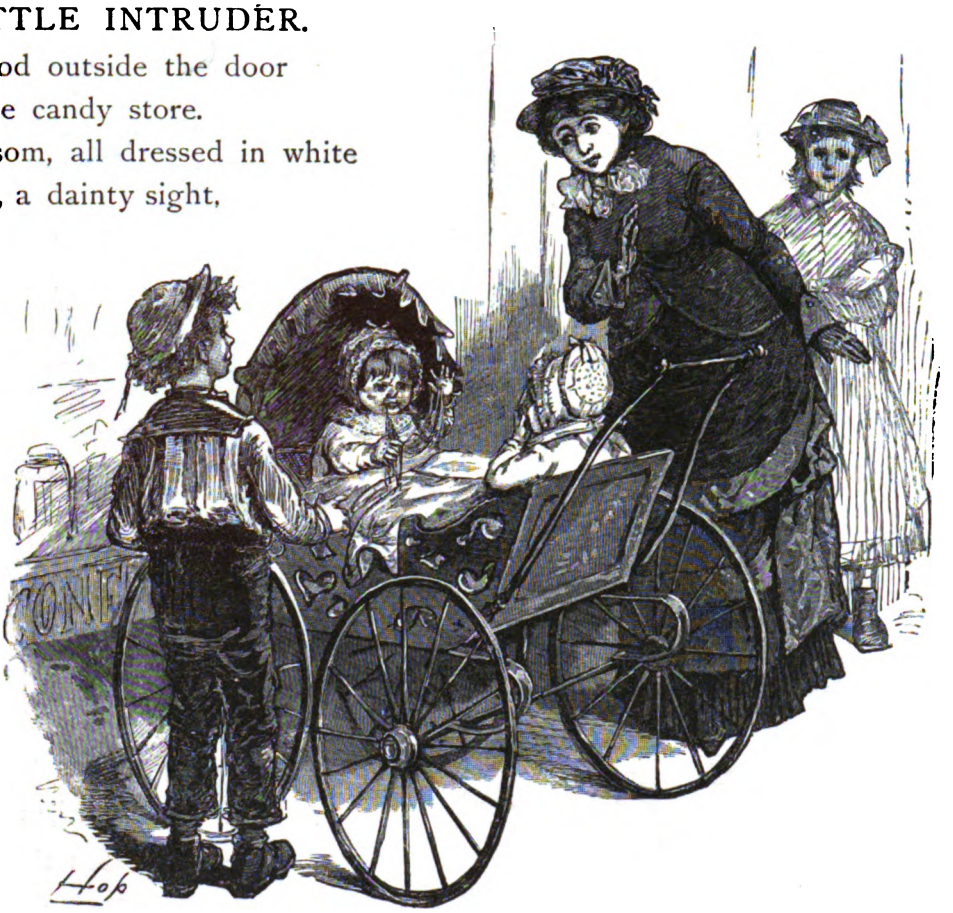
THE LITTLE INTRUDER.

The carriage stood outside the door
Of baby's favorite candy store.
Little May Blossom, all dressed in white
Sat in her coach, a dainty sight,
And waited there till the nurse should come
And wheel her young charge safely home.
Paddy O'Flynn came strolling by,
Leading his sister.
Thoughthe, "Ill try
How Biddy'll be looking all so fine
In the kerrige there, a cuttin' a shine."
So he lifted her in
With a merry grin,
Mischievous little Paddy O'Flynn.



And though the horrified nurse came out
And sent them both to the right about,
Yet Paddy boasts with a funny smile
Of "the day when his sister rode in stoile."

STOP THIEF.

Oh, cook! see here!
You'd better run,
For Fido's having
Jolly fun!
He's two good chops of his own, but see,
He's stealing yours, with right good glee.

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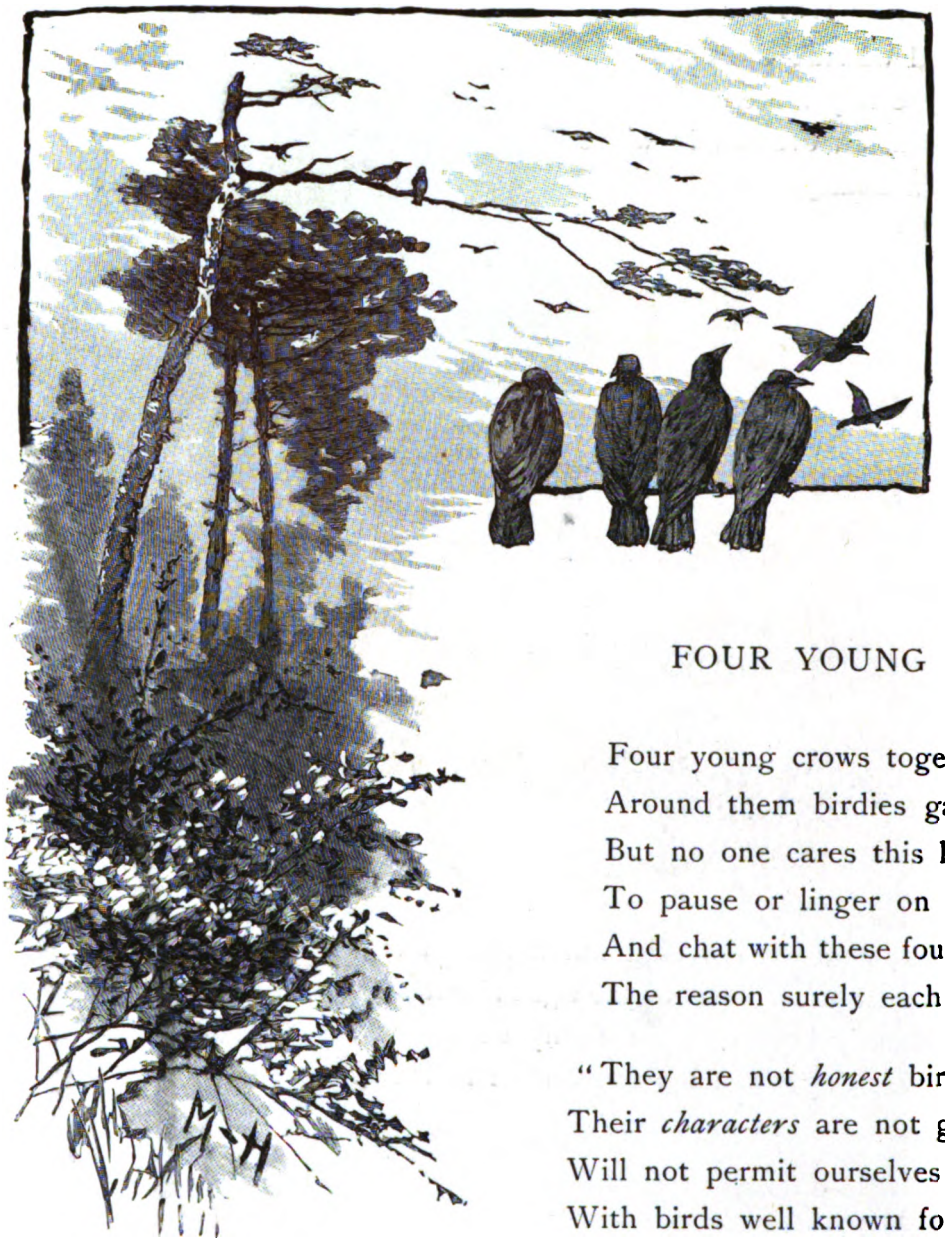

FOUR YOUNG CROWS.

Four young crows together sit,
Around them birdies gaily flit.
But no one cares this happy day
To pause or linger on the way
And chat with these four lonely crows.
The reason surely each one knows.

"They are not *honest* birds, you see,
Their *characters* are not good, so we
Will not permit ourselves to mix
With birds well known for wicked tricks."

All this, and more, the birdies say
As they fly by this summer day.

"Oh, dear!" I say, "how sad 'twould be
If such a thing were said of *me!*
'Tis very true, *I'm not a crow*,
But I've a *character*, you know,
And I must keep it pure and true,
Or I shall be avoided, too."

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LITTLE SHOPPERS.

We'll take a dolly, if you please,
And a nice box of candy,
And just a pound of ginger nuts,
They'll come in nice and handy
When Ted and I are hungry, as
We will be by and by.
He's got a bright new cent to spend.
And just as much have *I.*

But after all, these shoppers small,
Who wanted goods so *many,*
Went from that store with just one *bun*
Apiece, for each new penny.

HUNTING FOR COOKIES.

Where has grandma hidden them!
Hunt about and see
Where all those cookies, round and sweet,
Can all so safely be.
This place, *that* place, and *every* place!
"Are they *anywhere?*"
Go search in grandma's pocket, dear,
And see what you'll find there.

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GIVING DICKEY A TREAT.

Take a piece of cake, dear Dick,
You've sung so well all day.
I heard your merry song and trill
While busy at my play.
All so cheery is your song,
You really help the day along.
And I will always loving be
To the sweet pet who sings for me.
So here's a piece of cake, dear Dick,
You'll like it if you try.
And you shall have some apple, when
I get one, by and by.

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THE PEANUT BOY.

The peanut boy stands boldly up
Beside his peanut stand,
And with a voice so clear and loud
Proclaims on every hand —
"Here's peanuts, fresh and roasting hot!
Five cents a *quart!*" yells he.
And makes his "quart" fit snugly in
A *pint* bag — you will see.

BABY'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

Only a silver mug, but worth
Its weight in gold to her,
Without it baby could not be
Prevailed upon to stir.
All day she tugged it round about,
For use in every way,
As *hammer*, *ball*, or whatsoe'er
She needed for her play.
She made a pillow of it, too,
And when she went to bed
Upon its shining silver side
She laid her precious head.
She found it very useful, but
As can be plainly seen,
She ne'er could *drink* from it, because
That mug was *never clean.*

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KEEPING HOUSE.

Keeping house with children two,
Master Hal and Cousin Sue.
Little seven-year-old "papa,"
Little six-year-old "mamma,"
Happy as the day is long,
Merry hearts are tuned to song.
"Family cares" delightful are,
And not a sign of "family jar."

SET FREE.

Poor little squirrel! let it go
Back to the woods again.
Why keep it prisoned when we know
'Twill fill its heart with pain?
'Twas cruel Tommy set the trap,
And he may scold, but then,
I think, my girlie, you and I
Will do the same again,
Whenever we may find a chance
To set a prisoner free,
And Tom may scold, but in the end
Far happier he'll be.

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IN THE MEADOW.

In the meadow playing horse, such good fun together,
Little children all "turned out to grow" in summer weather.
Daisies to the left of them; daisies to the right,
Bright blue eyes like sunny skies, what a pretty sight.
Sister Nell the horse must be, trotting slow or faster,
Just according to the word from her baby master.
And wee little Gracie, see! she's so kind and sweet,
See her gathering grasses for the "pretty horse" to eat.

HAVING HIS PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN.

"Now, Pug, sit up, and lift your ears,
And look as wise, sir, as you can,
And if your picture isn't good,
Get down,—and bite the photo' man."

So gentle Pug sat bolt upright,
And looked his best, as you can see,
Then Harry kept the living dog,
And sent the photograph to me.

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GRANDPA'S BARN.

Grandpa's barn on a summer's day,
Is the very best place in the world for play.
'Tis there the swallows fly in and out,
Thro' shadow and sunshine whirling about.
Tis there the pigeons are cooing a song,
High up where the rafters are broad and strong.

And there the hay in a goodly store
Is piled when the harvest days are o'er.
And oh! how sadly we say good-by,
When September's sun is high in the sky.
And we turn our backs on the barn at last,
The fun of vacation and summer past.

THE CONVENTION.

The convention took place on a white rose stalk.
Dear me! how those members did argue and talk!
They discussed the worm question, the prospects ahead,
For earning each day of the season their bread.
They talked of the seeds they'd seen planted that day,
In the farmer's corn meadow just over the way.
And they talked and they talked till convention was o'er,
And the long-suffering rose stalk breathed freely once more.

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THE SPELLING LESSON.

Spell it, baby, spell it loud.
Listen, "D–O–G."
And the word that follows next
Is — listen — "C–A–T."
"D–O–G" spells "bow-wow wow,"
"C–A–T" spells "mew."
Oh, my little scholar sweet,
How very wise are you.

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DOLLY'S PUNISHMENT.

Go right in the closet, my dolly-girl.
I'm sorry you've been so bad;
But your conduct is dreadful, and makes my hair
'Most gray, and my poor heart sad.
Go and reflect how wicked you are,
And not in the least like your little mamma,
I hope that in future you really will try
To be just as *obedient* a daughter as I.

BEING A "LADY."

Sitting in grandpa's great big chair,
Being a "reg'lar lady,"
And making a call with a stylish air,
That is odd in "only a baby."
Dressed so fine in her new plumed hat,
With her hair in curls round her cheeks so fat,
Mantle and gloves, and parasol, too,
The "pink o' perfection," I think, don't you?

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GIVE ME A PENNY, GRAN'PA.

Give me a penny, gran'pa, please,
I'm going to buy — for you —
A stick of candy, and I s'pose
I'll eat some of it, too.
For things taste better, don't you know,
When people share 'em, *I* think so.

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"WE FOUR, NO MORE."

We four, no more,
Mother's babies we,
Safe at rest in our downy nest,
Snug as snug can be.
Mother's gone to get a worm
Hope she won't forget
To bring us two, and they'll scarce do,
We're such a hungry set.

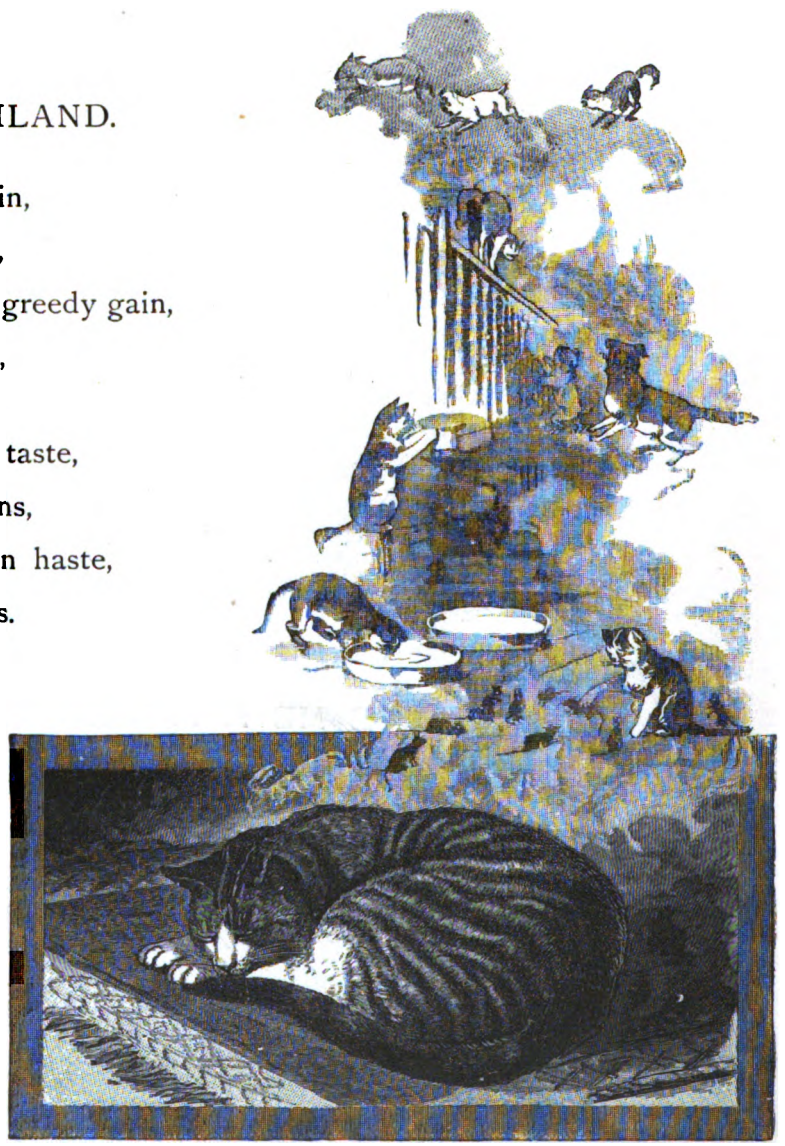
PUSSY'S DREAMLAND.

Partly pleasure, partly pain,
A mixture, as you see,
Of real good times and greedy gain,
And downright misery,

Pans of milk, so nice to taste,
Good fat mice by dozens,
Running from the dog in haste,
Or visiting her cousins.

Giving concerts on the fence,
Or arguing with a neighbor,
Avoiding bootjacks and the like,
All such useless labor.

All such things does pussy dream,
Lying there in slumber,
Partly pleasure, partly pain,
Visions without number.



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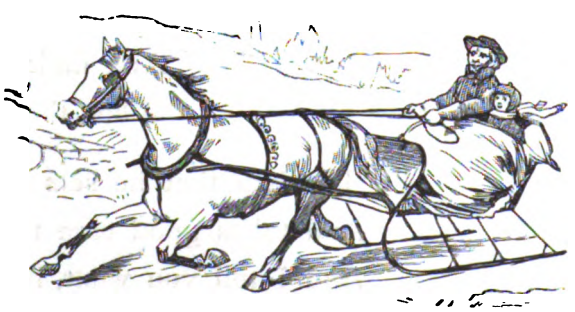
THANKSGIVING AT GRANDMA'S HOUSE.

Grandma's house is lovely
On Thanksgiving Day,
When she lets the children
Romp about and play.
And she never tells us,
"Children, stop that noise!"
S'pose she just remembers
We're only girls and boys.

But, oh, the dinner hour!
Oh, the dinner table!
Don't we stuff and cram, tho',
Fast as we are able!
One thing is very certain,
Of all the meals we eat
The whole year round no dinner
Seems half so nice and sweet

As that we get at grandma's
On glad Thanksgiving Day,
When we *tonic* up our appetites
With lots of romp and play.

"HURRY UP, DOBBIN!"



Hurry up, Dobbin, hurry up, fast!
If you keep on at this rate we'll get home at last.
Over the road we must hurry along
Harry and I and our Dobbin so strong.
For mother is waiting, and tea will be ready,
Hurry, good Dobbin! be swift, but be steady,
Or else you'll upset us, and down we will go
Ker-chunk and ker-waddle, right into the snow.

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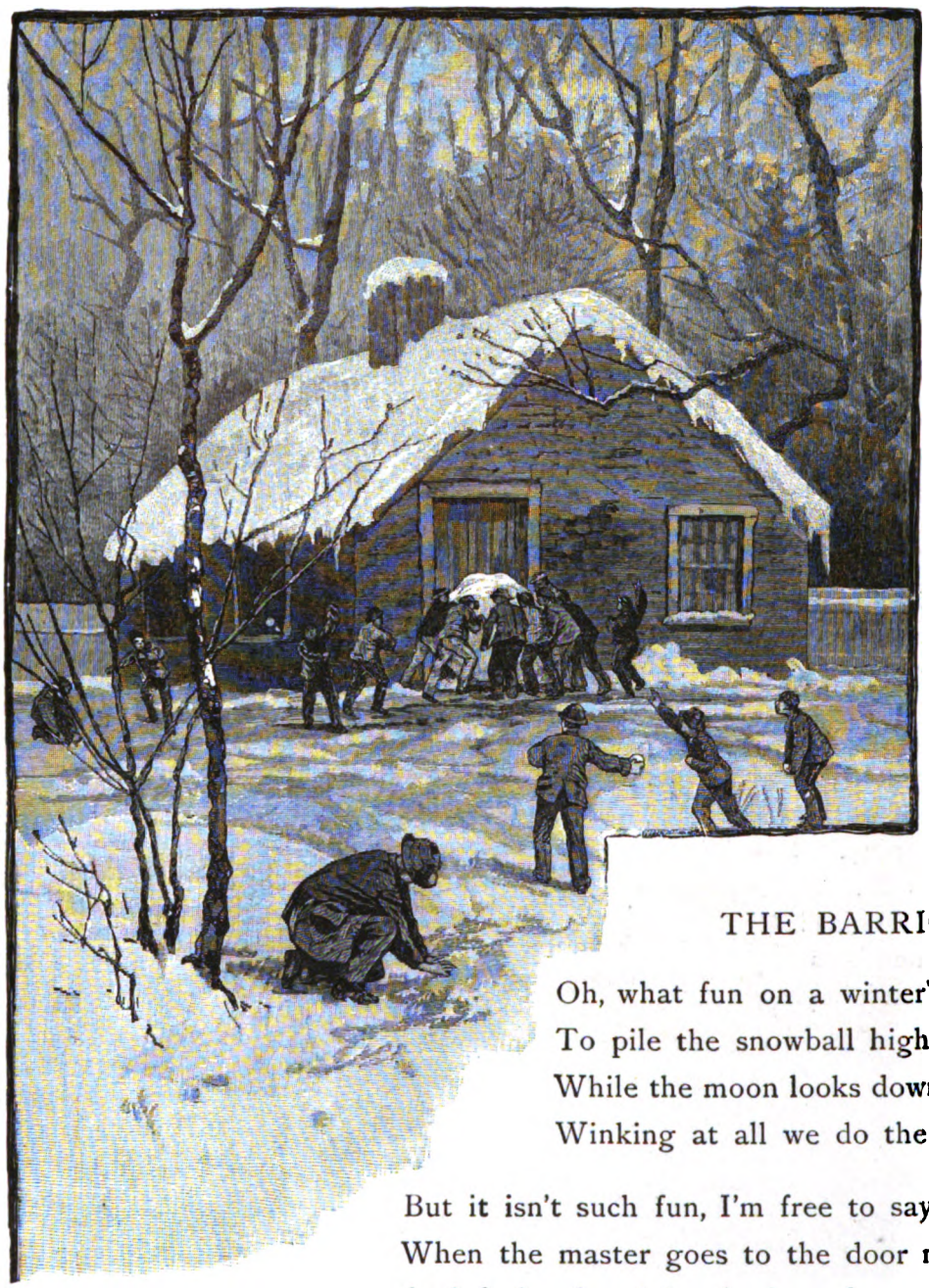

THE BARRICADE.

Oh, what fun on a winter's night
To pile the snowball high and white,
While the moon looks down with a saucy smile,
Winking at all we do the while.

But it isn't such fun, I'm free to say,
When the master goes to the door next day,
And finds what joke the boys have played
When they builded their frozen barricade.

'Tis then that he sets the boys to work,
And takes good care that not one can "shirk."
And I tell you what, it is fun once more,
When we've *cleared the last* from the school-house door.

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"GOOD-BY, LITTLE DOVEY!"

Good-by, little dovey! your wing is healed,
And now you may fly away
To your friends who miss you in meadow and field,
But will you not come some day
To eat the crumbs I will scatter for you,
When the weather grows cold and drear?
There'll be ever a welcome, kind and true,
Oh, dove, little darling, here.

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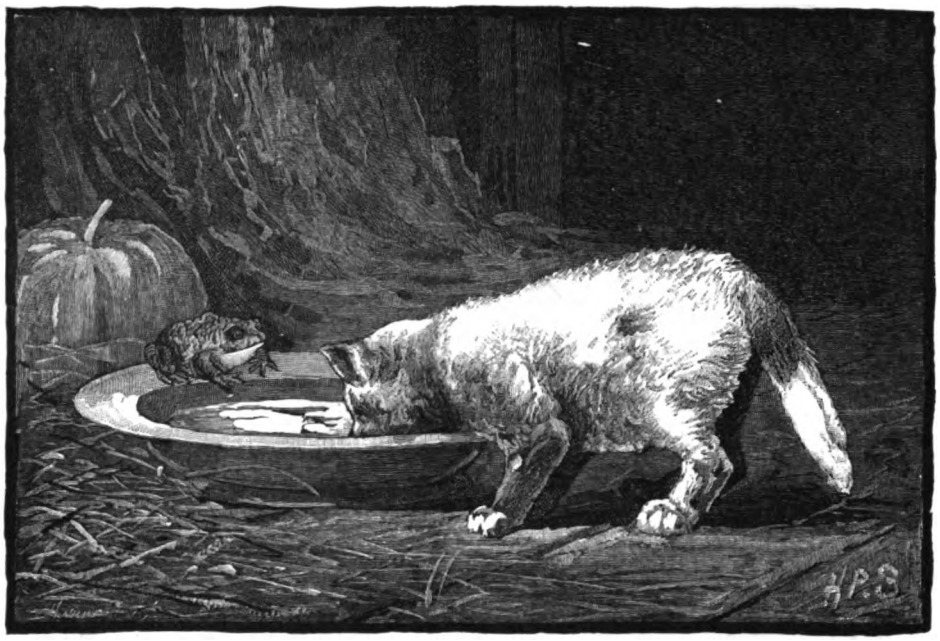

"HELP YOURSELF."

"Help yourself, do," said the frog one day,
As pussy came sauntering by that way.
"There's plenty for both, and so you see,
I invite you to stay and sup with me."

The cat looked up with a sneering laugh,
"You're generous, my frog, too kind by half.
This pan of milk was placed here for me,
So *I'll* invite *you* to sup, you see."

Just then the maid with her broom came out,
And scared the two with a vigorous shout.
"My custard is spoiled!" cries she. "Alas!
See what my carelessness brings to pass."
Thought froggie and puss, "What mischief clings
To those who are generous with—*other* folks' things!"

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"PICK IT UP, SIR!"

Pick it up, sir! try and see
How smart a doggie you can be.
Pick it up. It is not hard,
And you will then earn your reward,
A nice big bone, and for dessert
A ginger nut or two,
For I am bound to try and make
A *clever* dog of you.

"JUMP UP, HIGH!"

Higher, little Fido, higher yet!
If you a treat of cake, sir, wish to get.
Stretch your leggies out, sir; don't you see
You're still too short? and now bark "please" to me.

Good fellow! I won't tease you; here's your cake.
And now, my Fido, give a paw to shake.
We're both two "happy dogs," papa would say,
With nothing else to do but eat and play.

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"NAUGHTY ELSIE."

Naughty Elsie, have a care,
Do not spoil that golden hair
With those scissors.
Don't you see
What a sorry thing
'twould be?

Fun is fun when it can do
Naught of harm, my dear, to you
Or to others, in your play.
Try to think of that each day.

"HANS."

I'm a little Dutchman
At your service here
A stranger in a strange land,
That is very clear.
Perhaps you think me stupid
So far from home to roam,

I quite agree with you, sir,
I'd better staid at home.
But since I chance to *be* here,
Don't stare at me all day,
But help a little Dutchman
To make an honest way.

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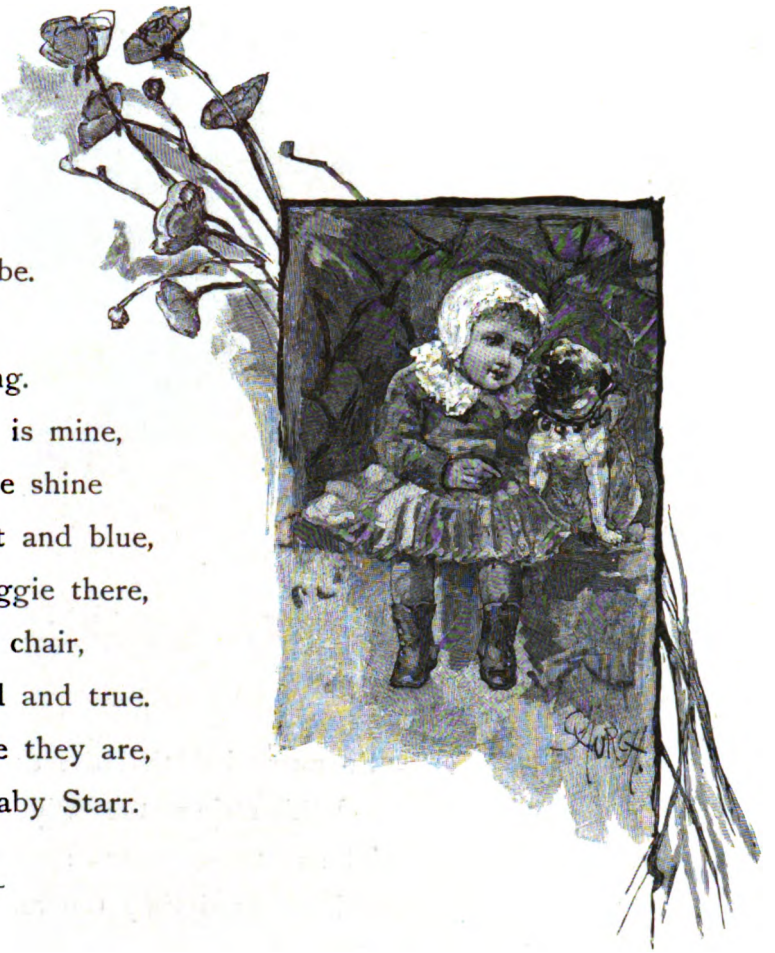
PLAYFELLOWS.



Playfellows? of course they are,
Pug-nosed dog and baby Starr.
Just two midgets all may see,
But both as good as good can be.
Round about the garden roving.
Gay, good-natured, fat and loving.
Pug's *her* darling, *she* is mine,
And I love to see the shine
Of her eyes so soft and blue,
As she talks with doggie there,
Sitting in the garden chair,
Telling secrets fond and true.
Playfellows? of course they are,
Pug-nosed dog and baby Starr.

FISHING.

Ned, while fishing,
No doubt is wishing
That he were off at play.
Though but a beginner,
He knows that for dinner
Mamma wants fish to-day.
So he's going to help her the best he can,
And try for good luck, the smart little man.

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"OH, DEAR ME!"

Oh, dear me! how hard it is
To pull off baby's shoe!
He tugs and tugs; oh, baby boy,
Mamma too well knows *you*.

She knows the habit baby has,
Whene'er he finds a way,
Of kicking off those little shoes,
And loving so to play

About the room with soft bare feet.
Oh, baby, don't you know
A pin might scratch the tender skin,
And hurt our darling so?

So nurse has tied the tiny shoe
With strings that will defy
The restless fingers, never mind
How hard they tug and try.

ROBBIE'S SO TIRED.

Robbie's *so* tired! sit in the chair,
Poor little darling, and rest awhile there.
Mamma's too busy to take him just now,
And rock him, and kiss all the frown from his brow.
Robbie a patient wee laddie must be,
And just in a minute, I think, he will see
That mamma is ready at last to sit down,
And chase away merrily each little frown.
Till Robbie, before he quite knows it, will go,
On a trip to the country of lullaby–o.

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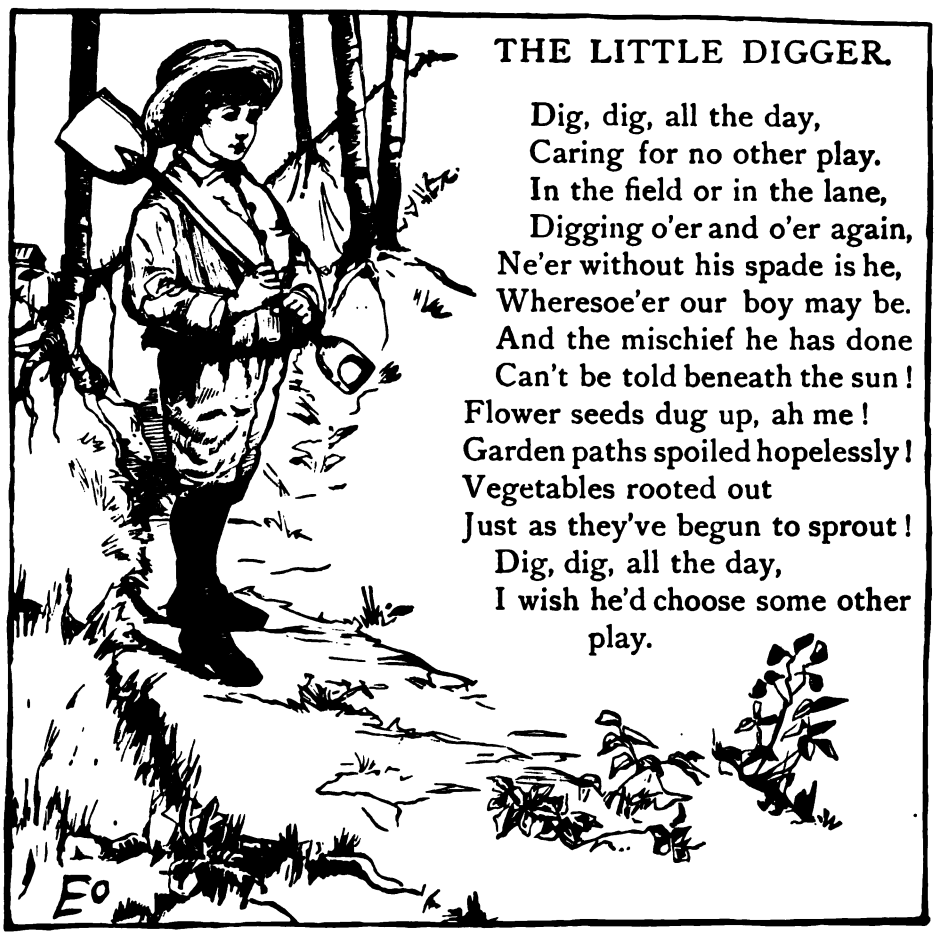

THE LITTLE DIGGER.

Dig, dig, all the day,
Caring for no other play.
In the field or in the lane,
Digging o'er and o'er again,
Ne'er without his spade is he,
Wheresoe'er our boy may be.
And the mischief he has done
Can't be told beneath the sun!
Flower seeds dug up, ah me!
Garden paths spoiled hopelessly!
Vegetables rooted out
Just as they've begun to sprout!
Dig, dig, all the day,
I wish he'd choose some other play.

HELPING BRIDGET.

Helping Bridget sweep the room,
Helpful little midget,
Unless she's busy here and there
She's always in a fidget.
"Dot no time to p'ay wis dolls,"
Says the little maiden.
Who ever heard of four-year-olds
With cares so heavy-laden.
Sweeps the dust with earnest arms
Just where Bridget's cleaning,—
Never mind! her little heart
Is happy in well-meaning.

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FLOSSIE.

My Four Young Friends.

My four young friends, I love them all!

Flossie, twelve years old, and tall;

"Busy Bee," who loves to sweep,

And her wee room so neatly keep;

"Fly-away Fan," who rolls her hoop,

And clears the way with a merry "whoop";

And Bobby, all so spick and span,

Who styles himself "Mamma's young man."

Flossie's eyes are darkly brown,

Like the braids all trailing down.

"Busy Bee" has eyes of gray,

Chestnut hair, which will not stay

"BUSY BEE."

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Tied in braids, so restless she:

Little working, busy bee!

"Fly-away Fan" has golden hair,

Wind-blown or brushed, *she* doesn't care.

Her blue eyes suit her saucy face,

Where never a cloud can leave a trace.

"FLY-AWAY FAN."

"MAMMA'S YOUNG MAN."

"Mamma's young man" has hazel eyes.

Beneath his cap there snugly lies

A crop of auburn hair, which *he*

Calls *red*, and doesn't like to see.

But oh! my four young friends! whate'er

Their looks, to me they are most dear.

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HOW THE CLOUDS SAILED BY.

Little Miss Ebony, one bright day,
Went out with Master Coal to row.
(For like all youngsters, black or white,
They dearly liked in a boat to go.)
They paddled here, and they paddled there,
They paddled about 'most everywhere.
They joked on many a subject, too
As happy little folks like to do.
But the funniest joke of all, thought they,
Was cut and dried on their homeward way.
For they said as they gazed at the summer sky,
"*We're the only clouds* that go sailing by!"

A HIGHWAY ROBBER.

"Stand, and deliver!" Willie cries,
A terrible look in his bold, black eyes.
For Willie, you know, is a "robber man,"
Waylaying all travelers as fast as he can.
"Stand, and deliver!" he says to Joe,
Who's the "very rich traveler," anxious to go.
But the "traveler" rides as fast as he can,
And escapes from the dreadful robber man.

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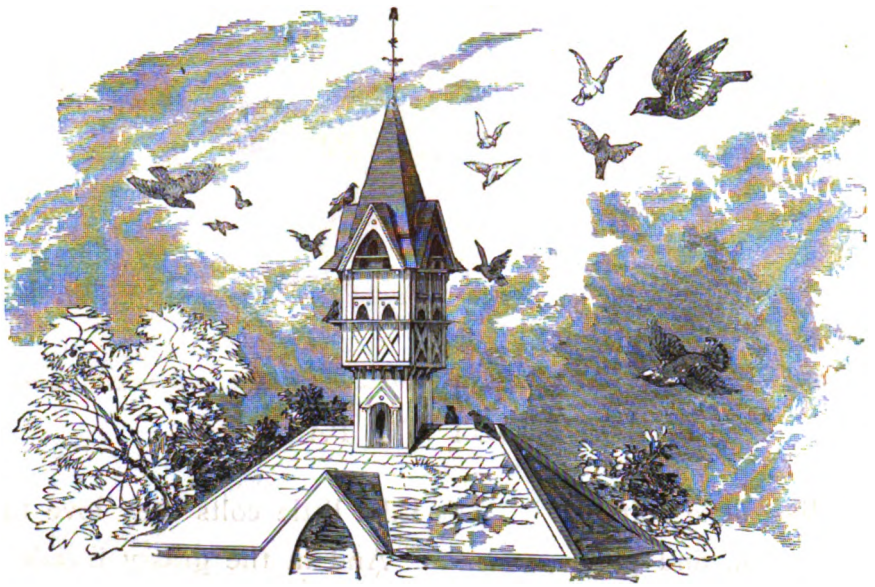
WHERE WE LIVE.

Who so merry as we, who live,
So near the beautiful sky?
Who so happy as we, who love
So near the blue to fly?

No cat to injure our little ones here!
No danger from man or beast we fear!
Our Master holds us far too dear!
And has placed our home so high,



That merrily, cheerily all the day
We sing our songs of love,
And skim the air 'midst fields below
And azure skies above.

And the reason we're merry, don't you see,
Is just because we *like to agree?*
And how can we help but happy be
Where *peace* broods, like a dove?

FEEDING THE PIGEONS.

Breakfast time for the pigeons,
As any one might see.
I thought I'd tell you, because, perhaps
You'd think they were having tea.

But Willie was up this morning
Just with the peep of day,
And he always attends to his little pets,
Before he thinks of his play.

And here they are at their breakfast,
Six little pigeons, you see,
And by and by when the sun goes down,
Why, *then* they'll be having their tea.

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TURNED OUT TO PASTURE.

Yes, turned out like little colts,
To frolic in the sun, and play
With sunbeams and with breezes, too,
Through the sweet hours of the day.

Like little colts they love to frisk,
And in the grassy meadow race,
With none to check their own wild race.
Or fetter them with bond or trace.

Little darlings! how they shout
For very glee! Each happy voice
Rings its own melody so sweet,
And makes some mother-heart rejoice.

LITTLE COMRADES.

A little plump baby;
A pussy-cat white;
A ripple of laughter;
A purr of delight;

A good game of ball
Between baby and kitty,
If *they* couldn't be happy
'Twould be a sad pity.

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ONE LITTLE SOLDIER, TWO LITTLE SOLDIERS.

One little soldier standing up,
  One little soldier tumbled down,
Two little soldiers ready for war.
  When papa brought them home from town.

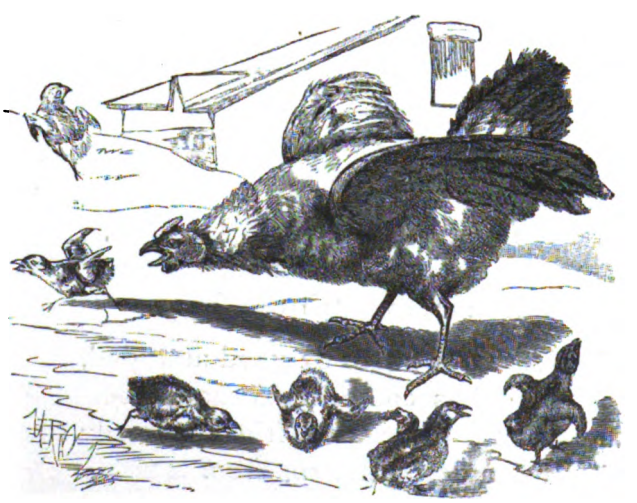
One little brother sitting up,
  One little brother on the floor,
Two little brothers ready for play,
  With the two tin soldiers, o'er and o'er.

One little brother tired and cross,
  One little brother kind and good,
Trying to make the other glad,
  As a kind little elder brother should.

That is the way our Johnny does
  When mother is sick; and that is why
Little cross Sammie forgets to frown
  Whenever kind little John is nigh.

THE SCOLDING HEN.

She scolds her chickens from morn till night,
And keeps them all in a constant fright.
She pecks them here, and she pecks them there,
And flaps her wings at them everywhere.
She's a cross old hen! as cross as two sticks,
And no fit mother for biddies six.
There's never a rest for their poor little legs,
Alas! they were better off when they were — *eggs*.



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TOO MUCH STYLE FOR TEDDY.

A boy who covets so much style
As hat, and cane, and boots, and all,—
A boy of only five short years—
Why—serves him right to have a fall.

But pick him up, poor little fellow,
He's bumped his nose all red and yellow.
And "style," alas! has come to this,
A plaintive cry for mamma's kiss.

MISS CROSS PATCH.

Nothing but frowns on the little face,
Oh, what a cross patch is she!
It is better, I'm sure, that she stay all alone
In the corner, so drearily.

For who such a playmate would want? not I,
Nor any one else I am sure.
A "cross patch girl," with her sulks and scowls,
No coaxing from *me* would cure.

Just let her alone, and pay never a heed
To the tones and the words unkind,
And before very long, you may mark my words,
Miss little cross patch will find

It is pleasanter far to be good and glad,
And kind as companions should be,
And sweeter to hear her friends merrily say
"What a dear little *sun-beam* is she."

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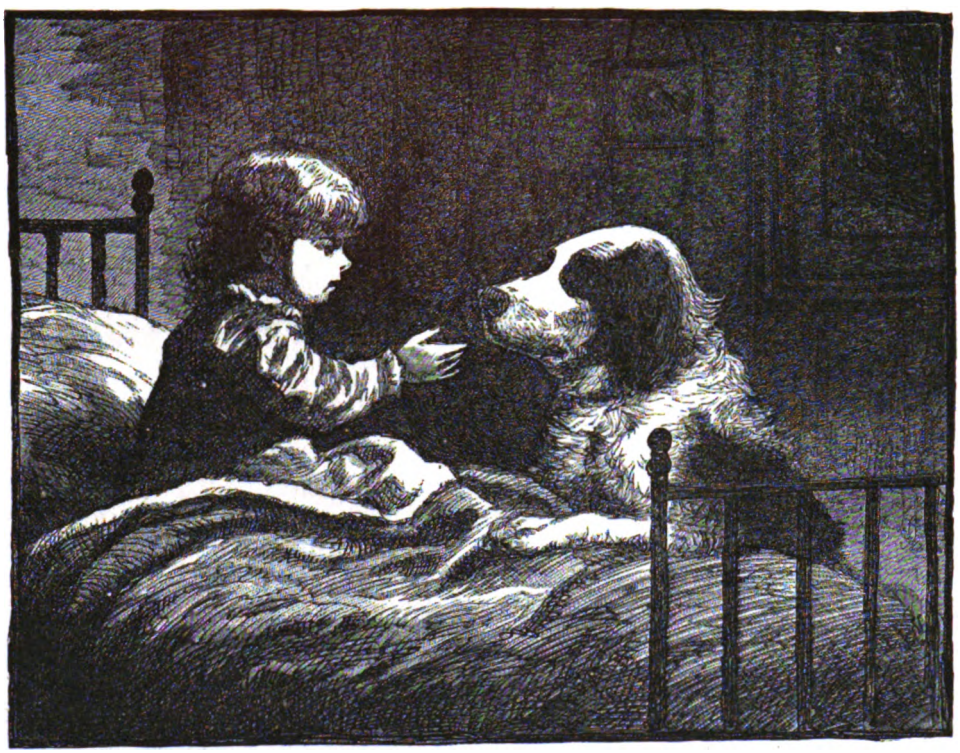
"HELLO, TOWSER!"

Hello, Towser! nice old dog!
  Want a boy to play with you?
I'm the chap, sir, and 'twas time
  For my nap to end, *you* knew.

Don't know where mamma can be,
  S'pose she's busy, but I know
I shall scramble out of bed,
  And we'll to the garden go.



Great big boy like me to lie
  Sound asleep right in the day!
Why, I'm most a *man*, I guess,
  Five years old, heard mamma say.

Guess I'll make a bran new rule,
  No more naps for *me* by day.
So, old Towser, come along,
  Let us go and have a play.

FRIGHTENED MISS MOUSE.

No wonder! for didn't she nibble a *match?*
  And didn't it flash in a minute?
No wonder Miss Mousie jumped back in dismay,
  And thought that "the mischief was in it."

But there's where she made a mistake, don't you see?
  For the match would have given no trouble
If 'twere not for the *mischief in little Miss Mouse,*
  And the match made the matter but double.

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"KNIT AWAY, GRANDMA."

Knit away, grandma,
Hard and fast,
Till baby's stocking
Is finished at last.

Brightly your needles
Flash as they go,
And your hands are working
For love I know.

And baby's stocking will soon be done,
And ready with baby's feet to run.

LOUIE AND LUCY.

Louie and Lucy are two little girls,
They have blue eyes and brown eyes,
And soft golden curls.

Louie can read,
And Lucy can listen,
And oh, how she smiles,
And how her eyes glisten,
When Louie is reading the "Merry-Go-Round,"
Where nonsense for children is sure to be found.

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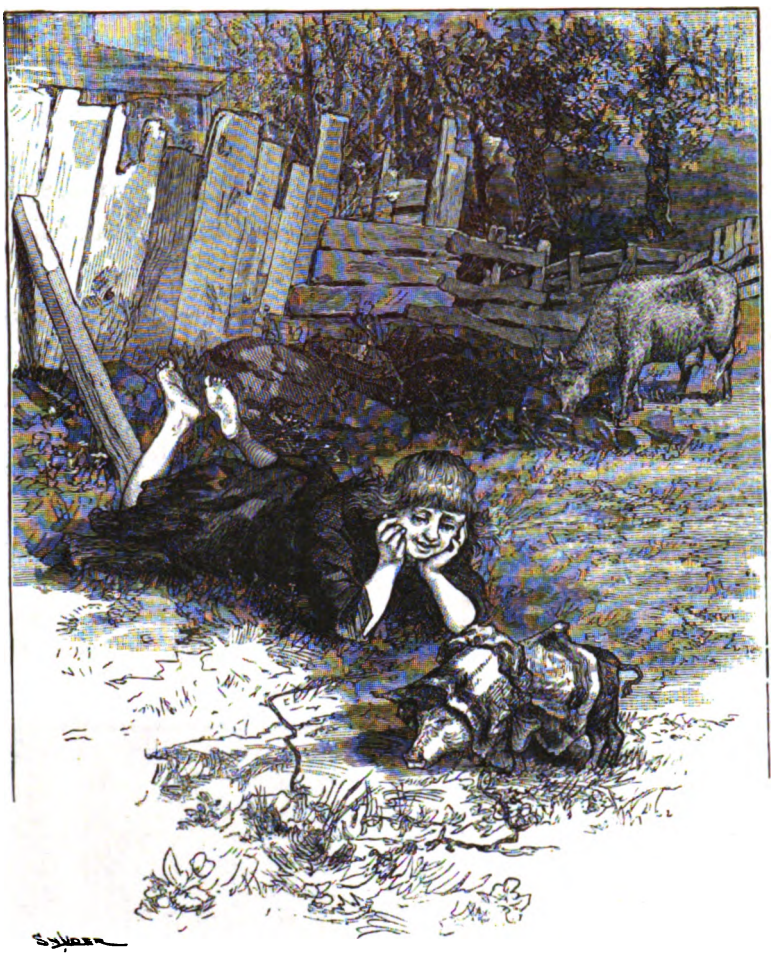
"LAZY SAL."



A lazy, lazy, lazy girl!
Her hair forever out of curl,
Her feet unshod, her hands unclean,
Her dress in tatters always seen.
Lounging here and dawdling there,
Lying out 'most anywhere
About the barn-yard. Not a thought
Of studying lessons as she ought.

But happiest when in sunny weather,
She and "the other pig" together
Are playing tricks. No wonder, then,
The farmer, jolliest of men,
Is apt to say, when tired out
With seeing her sprawling round about,
"Beats all what ails that lazy gal!
Why, piggy's twice as smart as Sal!"

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COME ALONG, MOOLEY.

Come along, Mooley cow, it's getting so late,
And we've got to get down to the pasture gate,
And you've got such a habit, old cow, you know,
Of liking to stop on the way as you go,
Just to see if you can't find one more cud to chew,
And there's only *one* way to get even with you.
I shall tempt you along with this dainty, you see,
And you'll manage, old "slow coach," to keep pace with me.
And so we'll get home with the set of the sun,
And I'll bid glad good-by to *my* share of this fun.

"A SHILLING JOB."

Bravo, Ben, so hard at work!
How is it *you* are willing
To shovel snow? What's that you say?
Papa'll pay you a shilling?

Well, then, what next? what will you buy
With such a mint of money!
Toys, cakes and candies? *No?* well there,
I will confess, that's funny!

What shall it go for? oh, I see,
There'll be a *circus* Monday!
But Ben's bright shilling — only think,
Went — into the plate on Sunday,

And lay beside papa's big coin
As proudly and as willing
To aid in doing good, as though
'Twere *sovereign* — not shilling.

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"HERE WE GO!"

Here we go with a trot, trot, trot,
Uncle Johnny and Joe,
And every one stands
A-clapping hands,
And watching as we go.

Oh, isn't it fun on Charlie's back
To merrily ride away?
With uncle's arms
To lull alarms,
How safe is Joe to-day.

"Get up, old horsey!" shout it out
As loud as ever you can.
Oh, Joe will ride
Both far and wide
When he is grown a man.

Sambo is a rubber doll,
Black as black can be,
Lily is a midget wee,
White and fat is she.

Here and there she trots around
Lugging Sambo, too.
Without her little sable friend
What would our Lily do.

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Caught in the Shower.

Caught in the shower, run, girls, run!
Run for the barn near by.
Who would have thought a shower could come?
Just a minute ago the sky
Was soft and blue as a baby's eyes,
And the children hard at play
In the broad green field where grandpa's men
Were making the new-mown hay.
But the shower has come, oh, run, girls, run!
And wait in the barn for the hiding sun.

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THE ORGAN MAN.

"I wish I were an organ man
To carry music all the day.
You may be sure where'er I went
Some wondrous melody I'd play."

Ah, little boy, it does not need
That you an organ man should be
In order that your life may pass
In constant strains of melody.

You have the power, if so you choose,
The sweetest music to impart,
And if you did but know it, child,
The melody is in your heart.

Yours is the power, and yours alone,
To turn the simple, magic key,
And as you choose, the quick result
Will harmony or discord be.

The organ man, 'tis very true,
May carry music on his back,
But all the while, his *heart*, you know,
The sweetest melody may lack

A loving spirit, kind and true,
The sweetest melody will give,
And gladden others as yourself
With joy and peace that long shall live.

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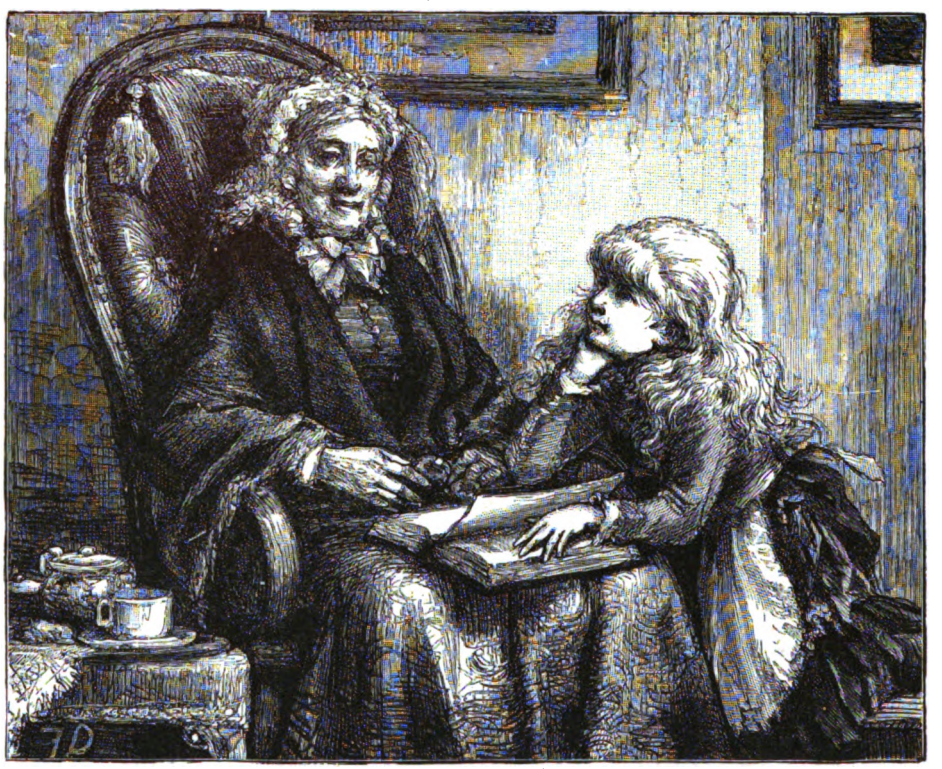
PLEASE READ *ONE* MORE STORY.



Just *one* story more, please read,
Grandma dear; and then I'll try
Not to tease for any more
Till by and by.

Are they *always* little sprites
Flying round on dainty wings?
Grandma, read me more about
Those funny things.

Read about the giant man,
And the fairy boy, you know.
Grandma, do the fairy boys
Older grow?

Are you tired, grandma dear,
Reading stories? Oh, dear me!
Just *one* more, and then I'll let
You rest, you see.

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UP, AS HIGH AS THE SKY.

Up, up, as high as the sky,
See my beautiful baby fly!
Mother's arms are wings that bear
Her bonnie, sweet bird so swift thro' air.

Baby! baby! mother's wee boy,
Her heart brims over with love and joy.
What shall she do when he grows so fast
Out of her careful arms at last?

Dear, dear! what a sad, sure thing!
Children can't always to mother-arms cling!
But there's just this comfort, for us, you know,
Out of our *hearts* they *never* can grow.

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A LITTLE MISS WITH A BIG WISH.

She is such a little girlie,
  But the wish is oh, so great,
To be out enjoying sleigh-rides
  If 'twere not that cruel fate
Has made her just a prisoner
  In her little easy chair,
With only mistress pussy
  Her solitude to share.

She's not a *moody* girlie,
  Though her little foot is lame,
For come sunshine or come shadow,
  She's cheerful just the same.
So she watches through the window
  And laughs to see the fun,
And the "big wish" dies at sunset,
  When the afternoon is done.

CHERRY TIME.

Cherry time, is it? and what do we see
But little Miss Alice, who's been to the tree
And gathered as many as pockets will hold?
And now, lest her auntie and grandma may scold,
She has brought a peace offering of cherries, you know,
A handful that into the pockets won't go.
A liberal proceeding, you think? but dear me!
She will throw in the bargain — *sweet kisses* you see.

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MAMMA'S "BLESSINGS."

Yes, they are blessings, by day and by night,
And what would her life be without them?
But oh, how her heart overflows with its fears,
And its "motherly worries" about them.
Dear restless young darlings
Who never can keep
Themselves out of mischief
Except — when asleep.
Then mischief has fled, and the noise and the clatter;
The questioning tongues have forgotten to chatter.
The children are *good* and are *safe* for awhile,
And mother's anxiety dies in a smile.
And she looks at her "blessings,"
And breathes her low prayers
Of thanks for the burden
Of motherly cares.

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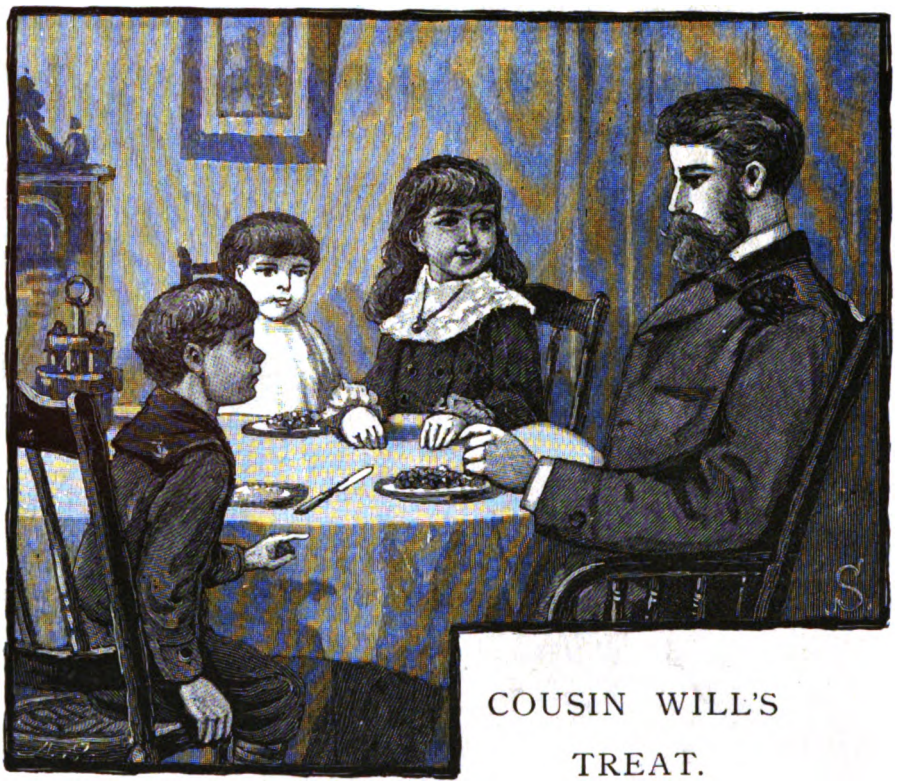

COUSIN WILL'S TREAT.

'Twas Cousin Will who treated us
To nuts that night, you know,
And I tell you what, you should have seen
The way those nuts did go!

We cracked and cracked, and ate and ate,
And "philopened" each other,
And Rob he "caught" us every time,
(He's such a roguish brother!)

Well, Cousin Will told stories, too,
We couldn't keep from laughing,
(A funny fellow's Cousin Will,)
Rob says he's always "chaffing."

We ate so many nuts, he said,
He feared it was not right,
And we might have a visit from
The nightmare through that night.

But Rob said *he* could crack his jokes;
And *we'd* crack *nuts*, you see,
And not a nightmare came that night
To Rob, or Lou, or me.

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THE INVADER.

Baby was frightened, that was why
We heard the children loudly cry,
"Go 'long, old ox! get out of here!"
And Ned, without a touch of fear,
Went boldly forward, stick in hand,
To "drive the invader from the land."

Poor harmless ox! full willingly
Into the shadowy brook stepped he;
And, truth to tell, was going there
When he gave baby such a scare.
Well might he toss his tail, and say,
"Don't *cry before you're hurt*, I pray."

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"MEDDLESOME MATTIES."

Do you know what "Meddlesome Matties" are,
My wee little girl or boy? Dear me!
Ask mother if ever *she's* chanced, at home,
A little Meddlesome Matty to see.

Now what are these pussies about? Alas!
They're "Meddlesome Matties," although they know
They are meddling with things that concern them not,
And prying in "other folks' matters," and so

They are like some children, not very far off,
Who touch and handle with fingers too free
Whatever they happen to come across.
And *such* are—"Meddlesome Matties"—you see.

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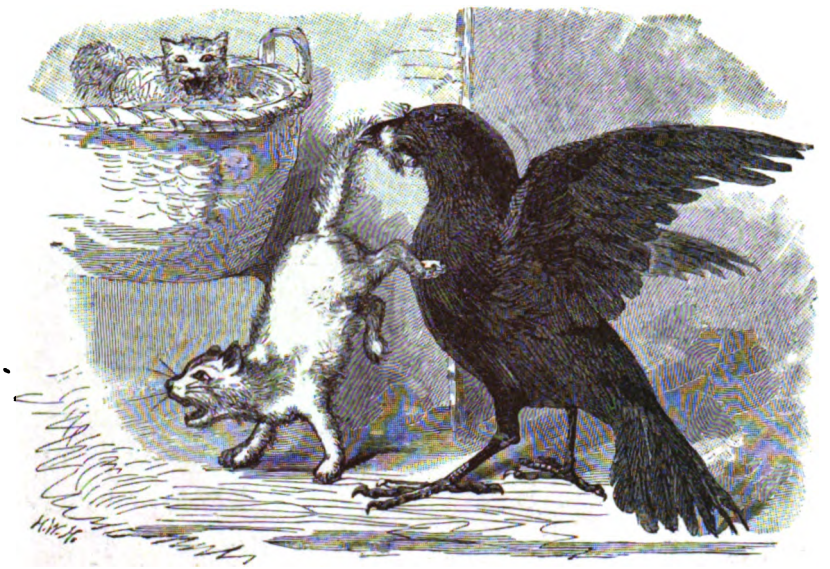


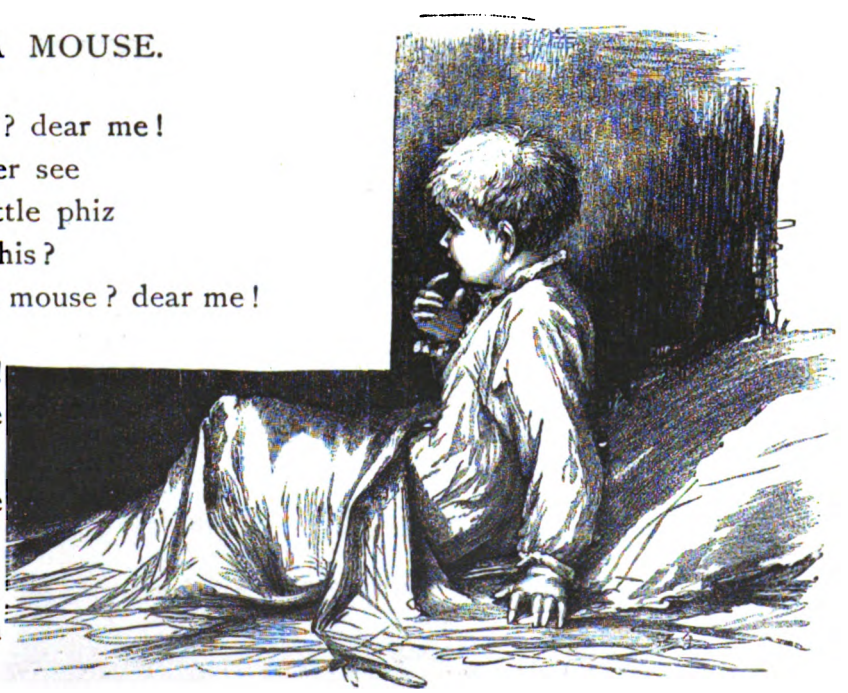
WHAT FUN!

What fun! but not for puss, oh, no!
The sport is all for Dick, the crow.
No wonder puss can only rail
At such a mournful, painful tale (tail).

What did she do? Ah, Dick can tell,
And puss will learn her lesson well.
Whene'er she trifles with black Dick
She'll find revenge both sure and quick.

HE HEARS A MOUSE.

Afraid of a mouse? dear me!
Oh-ho, did you ever see
Such a scared little phiz
As that face of his?
Just from hearing a mouse? dear me!



A wee little fat, brown mouse!
Who lives in the walls of the house.
How he'd laugh could he see
How afraid one can be
Of a wee little fat, brown mouse.

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"DOOD NIGHT, DOD."

Little bit of girlie, with her golden hair
Falling on her "nightie," says her evening prayer.
Lisping o'er it slowly, there at mother's knee,
Blue eyes almost closing, sleepy as can be.
When the prayer is finished, "Dood night, Dod," says she,
"Dess you's almos' tired listening to me!"
But mamma knows surely how the Shepherd cares
When His lambs so precious lisp their little prayers.

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"ISN'T IT A SHAME?"

Yes, kitty Snowball, so it is!
A rousing, tousing shame, that you
Should have to run from a tin can,
And from a barking doggie, too.

I know who did the mischief; ah!
I wonder how he'd like such fun.
I'll tie a shot-gun to his leg,
And from my wrath will make him run.

Only a cruel, naughty boy
Would tease a helpless pussy cat,
And I'll confess I see no sport
In such a cruel game as that.

JACK AND NEDDIE.

Jackie has the short ears,
Neddie has the long;
Jackie is the small boy,
Ned the donkey strong.

Good companions are they,
Loving one another,
But sad to say, Jack *sometimes* acts
As though *Ned were his brother.*

Then to the *other donkey*
Our stubborn little Jack
Must take his sullen little face,
And mounting Neddie's back,

Try if a right good canter
Adown the sunny lane,
Will chase away the temper, and
Bring back our *boy* again.

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"SHE'S *MY* KITTY!"

Johnny clasps his treasure closely,
"She's *my* kitty, kitty is!"
And a most defiant challenge
Sits upon his scowling phiz.

No one wants to claim your treasure,
Master Johnny, do not fear;
I don't want her, I've no fancy
For a scratching cat, my dear.

"Ah, but pussie never scratches
Little Johnny, for you see,"
Says mamma, "she knows he loves her,
That is why they so agree.

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"I'M GOING A-FISHING."

"I'm going a-fishing," says Tommy Lee.
"Say, Jack, don't you want to go, too?"

"I thank you, kindly," says Jack, "but you see,
I've got far too much work to do.

I have to pile wood for my mother, and then
I have to go down to the store,

And I have some business with *other* men,
That'll keep me an hour or more."

"Well, then, good-by," says Tom, "I must go;
The fish will be waiting for me."

But when he returned he had—nothing to show
Save a hook in his thumb. Ah, me!

THE PET.

Freddie has a squirrel,
As gray as gray can be,
And Freddie thinks there never was
A pet so "cute" as he.

So very smart is squirrel,
That he knows enough to take
A tempting lump of sugar sweet,
Or a piece of creamy cake.

Now don't you call *that* clever?
Freddie thinks it is, but I
Am sure that any *boy* can be
As clever, if he try.

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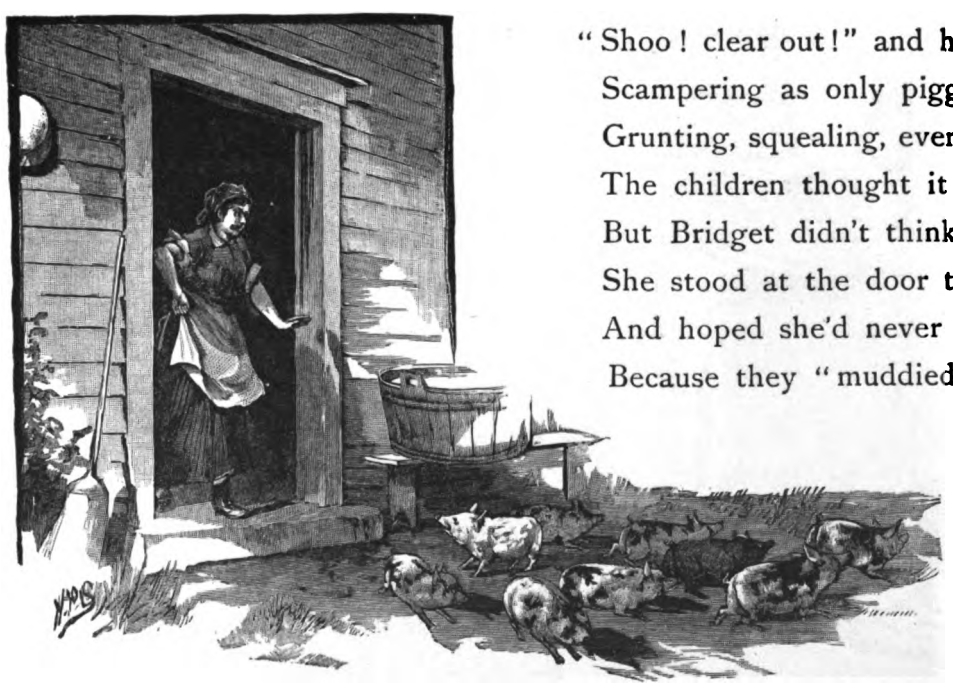
"BRAVO, ROVER!"

Bravo, Rover, good old dog,
To swim for Bobby's cane!
But very likely he will make
You do the same again.

He thinks it sport, and *you*, poor dog,
On service all intent,
May think the oft-repeated game
A thing of accident

But, bravo, Rover! you shall have
A rousing bone to-night,
And sleep the sleep of innocence,
Till dawns the morning's light.

"SHOO! CLEAR OUT!"



"Shoo! clear out!" and how they ran!
Scampering as only piggies can,
Grunting, squealing, every one.
The children thought it all good fun,
But Bridget didn't think so, no!
She stood at the door to see them go,
And hoped she'd never see them more,
Because they "muddied up her floor."

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"NED WILL TAKE CARE OF ME."

"Do let me go, Mamma," she plead,
"It's such a shiny day,
And *Ned* will take good care of me,
I'm sure, along the way."

So mother tied the little hat
Beneath the dimpled chin,
And put the brand new apron on
That had "the potets in,"

And let her dainty blossom go
To meet her dear papa,
Just down the lane a little way,
She knew 'twould not be far.

And good old Neddie walked beside
His little mistress sweet,
And both enjoyed the walk they took
The dear papa to meet.

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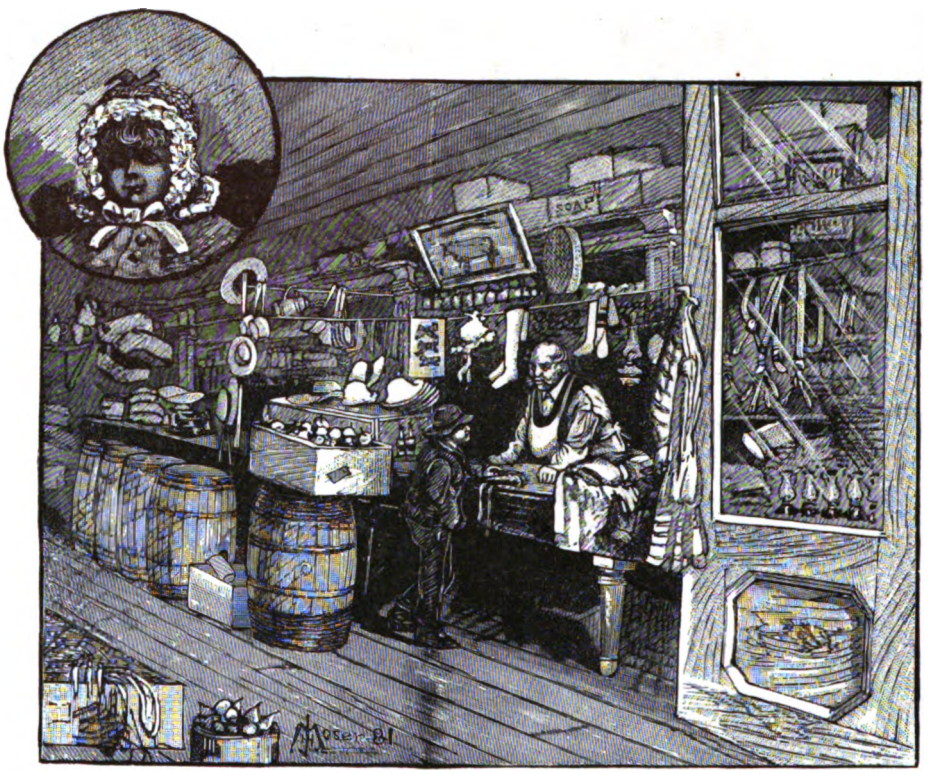
THE COUNTRY STORE.



The country store! the country store!
Where you'll find all you want, and more.
Shoestrings, butter, brooms and milk,
Beeswax, 'lasses, combs and silk,
Calico, and lace, and cheese,
Buttons, barrels, and to please
The village crones, there's snuff for all
The village pipes, both big and small,
Eggs and thimbles, sticks of candy,
Chewing gum, for children handy,
Soap and towels, starch and tacks,
Writing paper, seals and wax,
Peanuts, raisins, apple "*sass*,"
Dress goods for each village lass,
"New style hats" for village beaux,
Latest style in "women's clothes,"
Toys for children, and — well there,
I can't tell half, I do declare.
But all you want, and ten times more,
You'll find at "Deacon Jones's store,"
And lots of "gossip" thrown in free,
"To make things social, don't you see?"
Long live the country store, I say,
"To keep things going," day by day.

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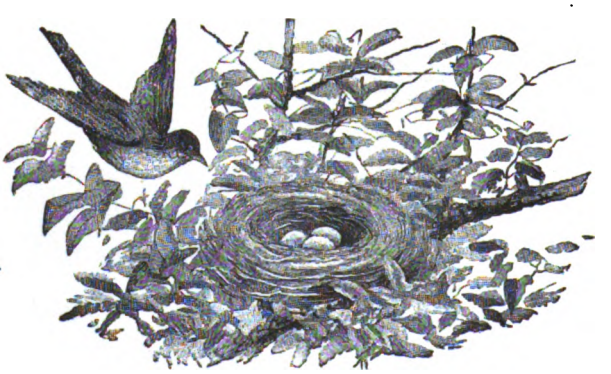
MISS EBONY.

"Good morning, Miss Ebony,
How do you do?"
"I'm well, tank you, missy,
An' how is you, too?"
"And where are you going,
This fine, pleasant morn?"
"I'se gwine to de school, miss,
As sure as you're born."
"And what will they teach you
That now you don't know?"
"Law! missy, they'll teach me
A smart gal to grow."

HOUSEKEEPING.

Housekeeping there in the cherry tree!
A very smart thing I think, don't you,
For a little bird who has laid three eggs
And must pretty soon feed three mouths to do?

She won't have far to travel for fruit
When it's time for *dessert* at her meals each day,
And where she could find a sweeter home
I'm sure 'twould be hard for a bird to say.



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SELFISH MAMIE.

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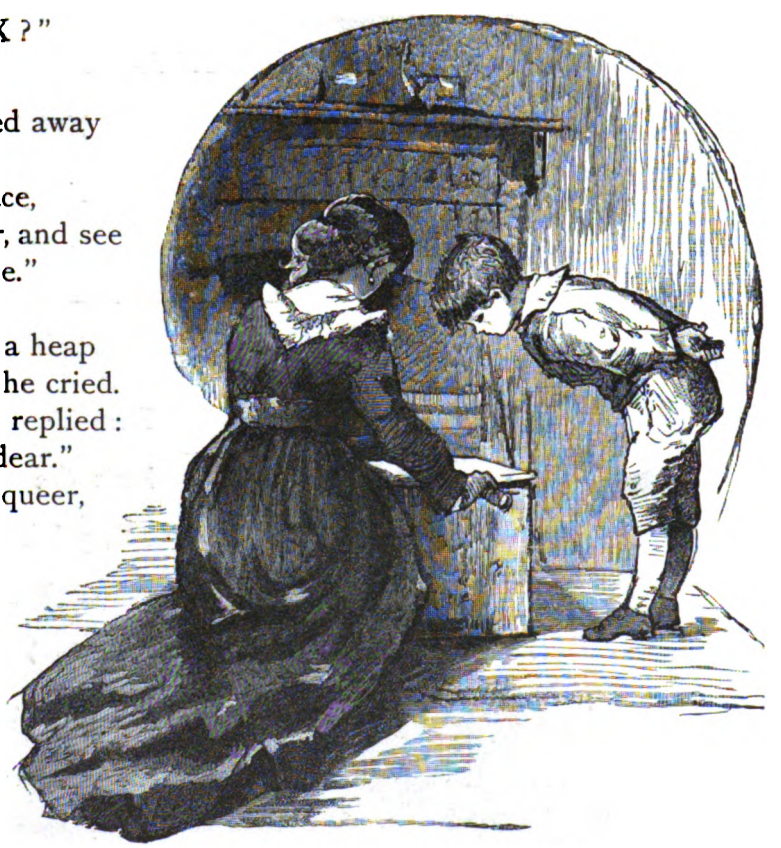
SELFISH MAMIE.

Selfish Mamie, not to give
  Her sister one, when she has two!
I wouldn't, and I couldn't love
  A selfish girl like her, could you?

Hear Bessie ask in plaintive tone,
  "Please, Mamie, let *me* play with one?"
While naughty Mamie shakes her head.
  I fear she'll have but little fun

With toys unshared so selfishly.
  But when she tires of lonely play,
Perhaps she'll secretly resolve
  To be more kind another day.

"WHAT'S IN THE BOX?"



Harry asked me yesterday
To show him something stowed away
All snugly in my cedar case.
I kissed the merry, curious face,
And said to him, "Come, dear, and see
The treasures all so dear to me."
So in the case he took a peep.
"Pooh, don't see anything 'cept a heap
Of dolly's clothes," with scorn he cried.
"But where's your doll?" and I replied:
"Right here beside me, Harry dear."
He paused again. "Mamma it's queer,
But *I* can't see it anywhere."
Said I, "Look in the mirror there,
You'll see the doll I played with so
And loved but six short years ago.
For you were then a baby fair,
With soft blue eyes and golden hair.
The dear 'live doll' whose dresses I
Have kept so safe as years slipped by."

How Harry laughed to think that he
So small a doll could ever be.
"A Knickerbocker boy am I,"
He cried, "So, cedar chest, good-by!"

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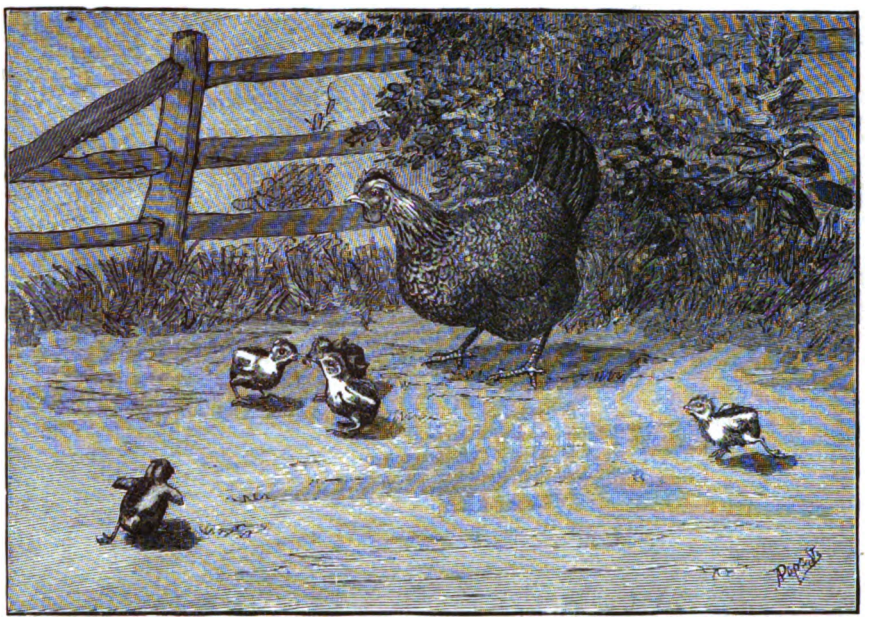

"RUN, CHICK-A-BIDDIES, RUN."

Run, chick-a-biddies, fast, I say,
There's mother hen! she calls to you
To come and see what she has found.
Some tender dish, both nice and new;
No doubt a beetle, or a worm,
Make haste to dinner; who can tell
What bill of fare will tempt you all
When mother rings the dinner bell?

"OH, DE LORS! MISSY!"

Run, Sambo, run, run, run!
Isn't the donkey having fun?
"Missy" laughs! no wonder, too,
At such a frightened booby-boo!
"Oh, de lors!" so loud you cry,
As over the ground you swiftly fly.
But what on earth are you afraid of?
The donkey stouter stuff is made of.
If you desire to stop the chase,
Just turn around and show — that face.

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THE FISH IN THE BOTTLE.

"Oh, what have you got in your bottle?
And where are you going?" asked Dan.
"I've a dear little fish in my bottle,
And I'm taking it home," says Nan.

"And where did you catch the wee fellow,
And may I not see it?" asked he.
"I caught him down by the river;
You're welcome to see it," said she.

"Let's go and catch another," said Dannie.
"I think 'twill be fun, don't you?"
"All right; come along, then," said Nannie,
"The bottle, I know, will hold two."

So down to the river a-fishing—
So down to the river went they,
But never to Nannie or Dannie
Came fish for the bottle that day.

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RUB-A-DUB-DUB.

Ernest likes to drum so much, you know,
He even takes a basket for a drum,
And up and down the garden likes to go
With noiseless "rub-a-dub" and "tum-tum-tum."

And grandma helps him fasten it safe on,
And praises tenderly her "drummer man,"
And says, "There goes a boy who makes *no noise!*
Go, mothers, find one like him if you can!"

THE LITTLE SNOW SHOVELER.

Peter doesn't care for cold,
Not a whit cares he,
As through the snow he plods his way
Whistling merrily.

For well he knows, smart Peter,
With every fall of snow
There's money in his pockets,
And — a "bank account" to grow.

So he whistles, whistles gaily,
As about the streets he goes,
Clearing sidewalks with his shovel,
Never heeding toes or nose.

Though Jack Frost is biting sharply,
And the winds blow keen and fast,
For he knows the "bank" is swelling
So long as the snow drifts last.

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I WISH I HADN'T EATEN MINE.

I wish I hadn't eaten mine
  In such an awful hurry!
But then, I'm just that kind of dog,
  Most always in a flurry.

Now he, of course, is happy, as
  He lingers o'er his dinner,
And doesn't give a thought to me,
  Poor foolish, greedy sinner!

Can't ever wait for manners, or
  Be easy in my way,
Enjoying moderation, like
  My friend here, old dog Tray.

I ate so fast, to tell the truth,
  I hardly got the taste
Of all the good things, so I s'pose
  'Twas like a foolish waste

To give them to me. Oh, dear me,
  My heart is like a log;
I wish, well yes, I'd really like
  To be—*the other dog.*

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"OH, MY! AREN'T YOU HIGH!"

"Oh, my!
Aren't you high?
Feel above us, don't you, Jack
But how will you feel
When by and by
You get a tumble on your back?

Jack stalks on with great delight,
A very giant he in height.
And brother Bob, and little Jim,
With admiration follow him,
And even Snip tries hard to laugh,
And help along the merry "chaff."
While Jackie's long legs onward go,
His rapid traveling to show.

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THE INQUISITIVE LITTLE PIG.

Inquisitive piggie is trying to see
Who is passing along the way,
But the farmer and Bobby both seem to agree
That *inside* of the fence he should stay.
He squeals, and he grunts, and makes such a clatter,
No wonder old Dobbin thinks, "what is the matter?"

A JOLLY SLEIGHRIDE.

Over the snow,
See them go,
A sleigh full of the girls and boys;
It's nothing but fun
Till the ride is done,
And they rest a little from all the noise.

Over the snow!
How the winds blow!
And Jack Frost snaps at each ear and nose;
And the bells ring out
And the children shout,
And cheeks glow red as the red, red rose.

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A BOUQUET FOR MAMMA.

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A BOUQUET FOR MAMMA.

Gathering flowers for dear mamma,
How glad she'll surely be
When Tottie carries her sweet bouquet
For that mamma to see.

There are daisies white, with golden hearts,
And buttercups yellow as gold,
And — oh, the half of the flowers fair
I'm sure could not be told.

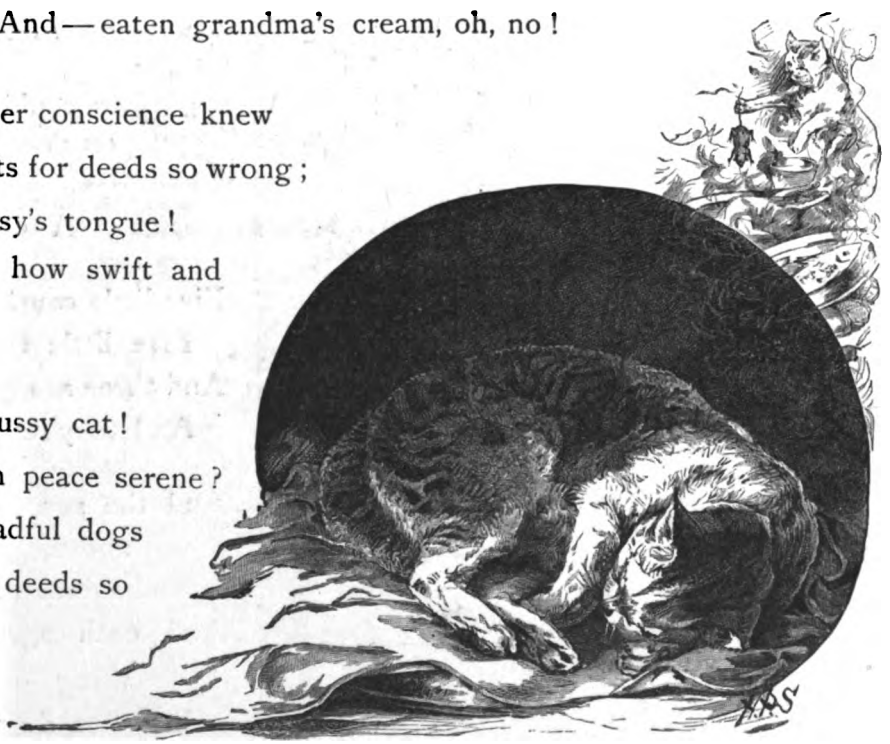
But dear mamma will welcome all,
And wear her "big bouquet"
With motherly pride on her motherly heart,
Till the close of the happy day.

THE SLEEP OF INNOCENCE.

There she lies, our sleeping puss,
As quiet as a lamb, as though
She hadn't killed our singing bird,
And — eaten grandma's cream, oh, no!

She sleeps as though her conscience knew
No troubled thoughts for deeds so wrong;
And yet how sly is pussy's tongue!
Those velvet paws, how swift and strong!

Oh, naughty, naughty, pussy cat!
How can you sleep in peace serene?
May visions of most dreadful dogs
Disturb you for your deeds so mean.



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MAKING SCRAP-BOOKS.

There were four little girls, so I've heard said,
Who took it into each wise little head,
To make some scrap-books, pretty and neat,
And with charming pictures all complete.
And when they were finished they went down town
To the *hospital babies.* And good nurse Brown
Declared there were *no* girls so welcome as they,
To amuse the babies throughout the day.
And our four little girlies were glad as could be,
Because they helped others be happy, you see.

A GOOD TIME.

Five little cousins having a good time,
  Five little cousins gay,
And three are girls and two are boys
  And they're bound for a merry day.

And the sun shines bright in the sky above,
  And shines in their young hearts, too.
And each agrees that the pleasantest thing
  Is—"to do as the others would do."

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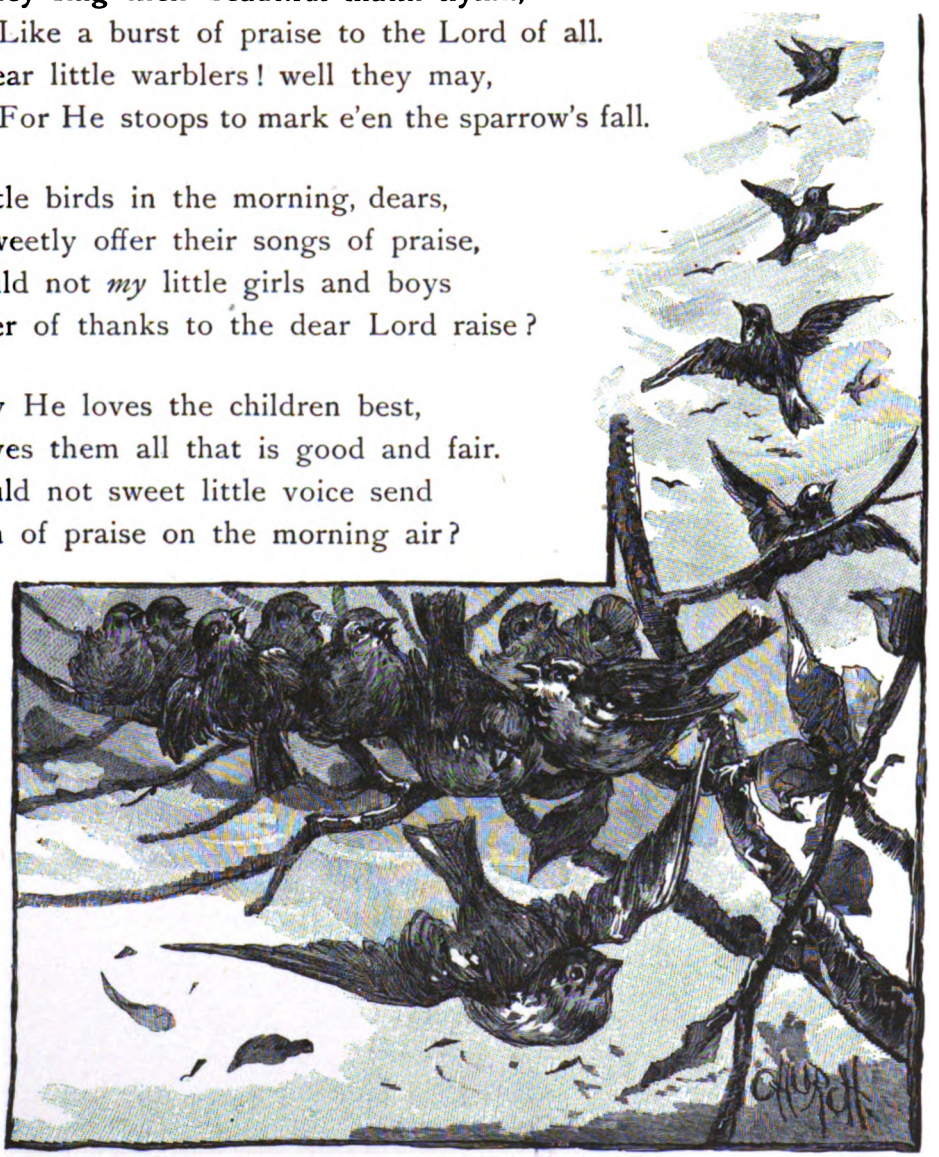
The Morning Concert.

The morning concert! sweet and clear,
It comes to me on the early breeze,
A serenade to the waking world
From the feathered songsters in the trees.

They sing their beautiful matin hymn,
Like a burst of praise to the Lord of all.
Dear little warblers! well they may,
For He stoops to mark e'en the sparrow's fall.

And if little birds in the morning, dears,
Thus sweetly offer their songs of praise,
Why should not *my* little girls and boys
A prayer of thanks to the dear Lord raise?

For surely He loves the children best,
And gives them all that is good and fair.
Why should not sweet little voice send
A hymn of praise on the morning air?



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THE POND IN THE WOODS.

The pond in the woods how deep and clear
The shadowed waters lie,
Beneath the green of the old elm trees,
And the blue of the far-off sky!

The lilies gleam midst the floating leaves,
And merrily seem to say,
"If any would pluck us from our beds
They'll have to *swim* this way.

But Dick and Harry are half afraid,
No swimmers are they, and so
They stay on shore, and revenge themselves
By stoning the frogs, you know.

The frogs don't care, they only laugh,
"For the boys *no smarter are*
In throwing stones than swimming the pond,
What stupid fellows! ha! ha!

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ALMOST DROWNED.

Jumped overboard, did she?
  Half drowned in the water!
Well, Jimmy, my boy,
  It was lucky you caught her.

Puss doesn't like boating,
  I'm thinking, and so
When next you go fishing,
  Don't invite *her* to go.

Now dry up your tears,
  There's no great mischief done,
For poor half-drowned pussie
  Will dry in the sun.

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"WILL IT HURT?"

Little Annie, perched up there
In the dentist's dreadful chair,
Getting up a woeful scare,
"Will it hurt?" asks she.
Dentist says, "It won't be bad."
Poor mamma looks very sad.
Annie moans, "Well, I'll be glad
When you're done with me."

Presently the tooth is out,
Up jumps Annie, with a shout,
Hops and dances all about,
"No more pain!" laughs she.
"My brave girlie," says mamma,
"Braver than most girlies are."
Annie says, "You'll tell papa,
And he'll be proud of me."

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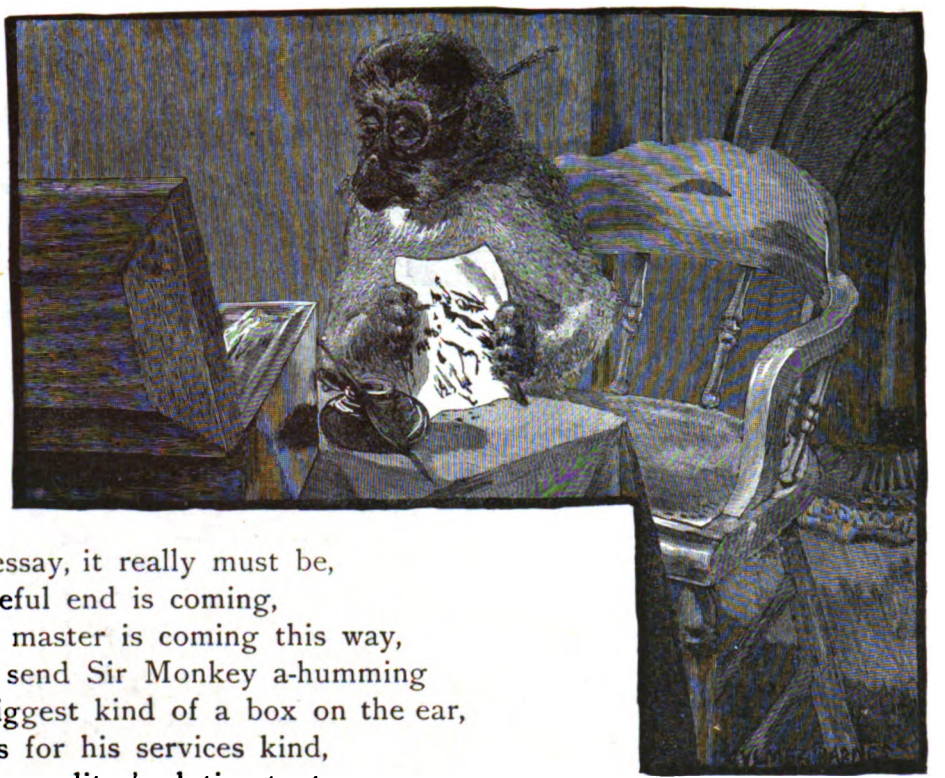
A DIFFICULT ESSAY.



A difficult essay, it really must be,
But a direful end is coming,
For Jocko's master is coming this way,
And he'll send Sir Monkey a-humming
With the biggest kind of a box on the ear,
As thanks for his services kind,
And Jocko an editor's duties to try,
Will never again feel inclined.

"SEE MISS ISABEL!"

Do you see her? Ain't she pretty?
This is young Miss Isabel.
When she's dressed, in all this city
There's no friend I love so well.
She's a present from my grandma,
Made by grandma's hands, you see,
And I love her better, knowing
How dear grandma thought of me
While she worked and made my dolly,
Just to give me a surprise;
And my grandma's an old lady,
And wears glasses on her eyes.
So I know it gave her trouble,
Sewing for me every day,
But I'll always love my dolly,
And be glad with her to play.

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A SUNBONNET FOR POOR CARLO.

Poor Carlo goes out in the sun each day,
With his dear little mistress so gaily to play.

"Oh, dear," says our girlie, "I'm really afraid
That I must leave Carlo at home in the shade.

'Cause he might have a headache,
And that would be bad,
But to play *without* Carlo
Would make me feel sad.

I'll make him a bonnet,
Mamma, don't you see,
His head will not ache
If he wears one like me."

So she made him a bonnet
Of cambric so white,
And on Carlo's big head
She then fastened it tight.

And poor patient Carlo went meekly to play,
In the field with our girlie that bright summer day.
But the bonnet was missing, when ere long we found
Our girlie and Carlo asleep on the ground.

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SAMMY'S STORY.

"And as I came out of the store, mamma,
I met poor little Benny O'Moore, mamma,
And he looked, you know,
Kind of tired, and so
I gave him a bun (I had four, mamma),
And his nice little sister was there, mamma,
She has blue eyes and golden brown hair,
mamma,
And her dress was all torn,
And she *looked so forlorn*,
I tell you *it hardly seems* fair, mamma,
That their father should *drink*, and be cruel
and bad,
To such a sweet lassie and such a nice lad,
While *I* who am often so naughty, I know,
Should have nothing to worry me as the days go.
But I'll do what I can
Now, and when I'm a man,
To help others be glad as the days go by,
And thinking of *you*
Will help me be true,
And perhaps I'll *improve*, if I really try.

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"LET'S CUT OUR HAIR."

Says Sammy to Sammy, "Let's cut our hair;
May be mamma won't very much care,
If we do the thing nicely, as well as we can,
And save her from paying the barber man."

He nodded his head and laughed to see
How the other Sammy seemed to agree.
Then they sat them down — the Sam in the glass,
And the outside Sam, and alas! alas!

They clipped at the locks of bonny brown hair
In so shocking a way that mamma *did* care.
And the Sammies presented a comical sight
Till the barber at last set everything right.

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MY LITTLE KITTIKIN.

Oh, kittikin, my kittikin,
You're very dear to me,
And — when you see a piece of cake —
How loving you can be!

You mew, and purr, and fawn around,
Till all the cake is gone,
And then — you'll likely turn your back,
And treat my love with scorn.

That's just the way some people do,
I've heard my father say,
But *faithful* friendship is the same
Though bright or dark the day.

So I will prove a faithful friend,
And love you all the same!
Whate'er her faults, my kittykin
In me a friend can claim.

STUDIOUS SUE.

"Studious Sue"—
The children say—
"Does nothing but read
The livelong day."

Forever found
With a story-book
And wanting at all
The pictures to look

Till her friends grow tired
And run away,
And Sue reads on
While the children play.

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LITTLE PLANTS.

Harry's seeds are coming up,
How he likes to see them grow!
Mother says that *her small boy*
Is a "little plant," you know.

How she loves, as days go by,
To watch his growing habits, and
The right and wrong of daily life
To make his young heart understand.

Harry's plants are growing well,
He hopes for bud and bloom ere long,
And mother hopes *her* one dear plant
Will grow to manhood true and strong.

And make the "perfect flower" at last,
To dwell in gardens far above.
Ah, *little plants!* how much they need
Of watchful, tender care and love.

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DESMOND AND THE MOON.

Desmond loves to see the moon
  Shining in the far-off sky,
Loves to watch the silvery beams
  On the shadowy landscape lie.
Wider spreads the radiant glow,
Brightening every thing below.
Down upon the still pond streaming,
In the darkened waters gleaming,
Shining here and shimmering there,
Dancing, glimmering everywhere.
Desmond loves to watch them fall—
Those pretty moonbeams — over all
The fields and meadows, and his eyes
Are bright as the moon-lighted skies.
While upon the window seat
He stands my little lad so sweet,
With mamma's arm around him tight,
Isn't it a pretty sight?

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LEARNING TO DRAW.

It is all very well, thinks Teddy,
To make a boy draw, if he can,
But when he can *not* it is only, he's sure,
A very unreasonable plan.

A circle with angles about it,
And all such nonsense, thinks Ted,
Why, he'd rather by far go out in the snow,
And *draw his new little sled!*

But the sunbeams may glitter and glisten,
Right over that hill of hard snow;
Ted must draw on his *paper* till school is done,
And then to his pleasure may go.

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HIDE AND SEEK.

Freddie ran away to hide
From brothers Tom and Will,
And in the great big chest he got
To snuggle down so still.

Full of blankets soft and warm,
What a cosy nook!
No wonder Fred forgot to cry,
"Now, Tom, I'm ready, look!"

For in a trice he fell asleep,
And left the game behind him,
And vainly here and all about,
His brothers tried to find him.

But Little Fido, Freddie's pet,
Ran barking all around,
Until he peeped within the chest,
And lo! our Fred was found!

WAIT THERE, DOLLY.

Wait there, Dolly, Dolly dear!
You'll be quite safe, you need not fear.
I'll roll my hoop a little while,
And you can sit right there and smile,
To see me play, and by and by
We'll go together, you and I,
To see my little city cousins,
Who count their dollies by the dozens,
And you'll enjoy yourself, I know,
Sitting with them all in a row.

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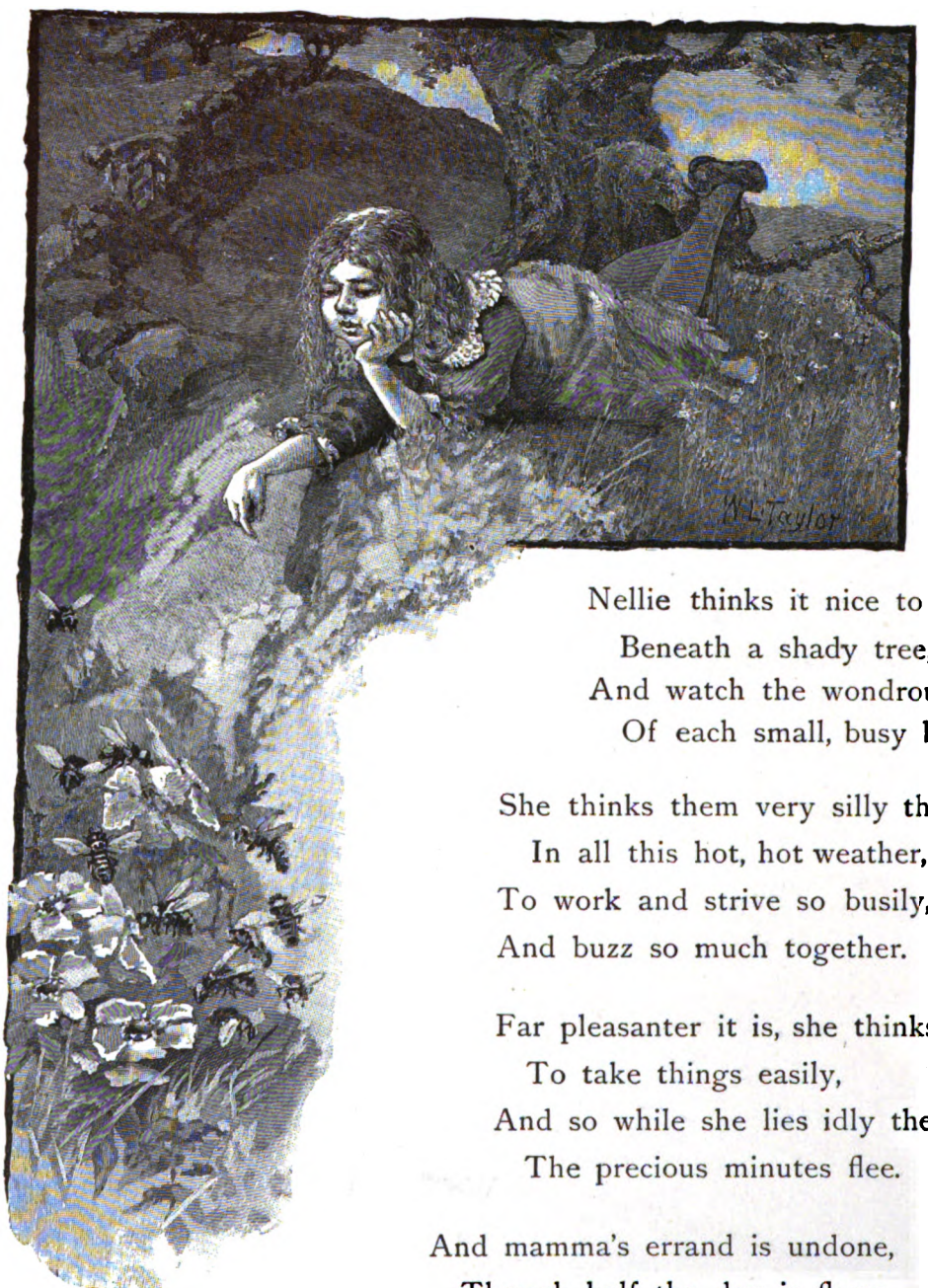
"TAKING IT EASY."



Nellie thinks it nice to lie
Beneath a shady tree,
And watch the wondrous industry
Of each small, busy bee.

She thinks them very silly things
In all this hot, hot weather,
To work and strive so busily,
And buzz so much together.

Far pleasanter it is, she thinks,
To take things easily,
And so while she lies idly there
The precious minutes flee.

And mamma's errand is undone,
Though half the day is flown.
Oh, Nellie! shame! among the bees
Thou art the only drone.

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SEWING FOR DOLLY.

Such a busy little mother!
  Such a pretty little "child"!
Did you ever see a dolly
  With a face more sweet and mild?

Such a comfort to her mother,
  Who is busy all the day,
And who never finds a moment
  With her little girl to play.

There are dresses to be altered,
  There are aprons to be made,
"For *my* child in wardrobe matters
  Must not be thrown in the shade,"

Says the busy little mother,
  As she clips and works away,
And a brand new dress for dolly
  Will be made this very day.

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"HELLO, MOOLLY!"

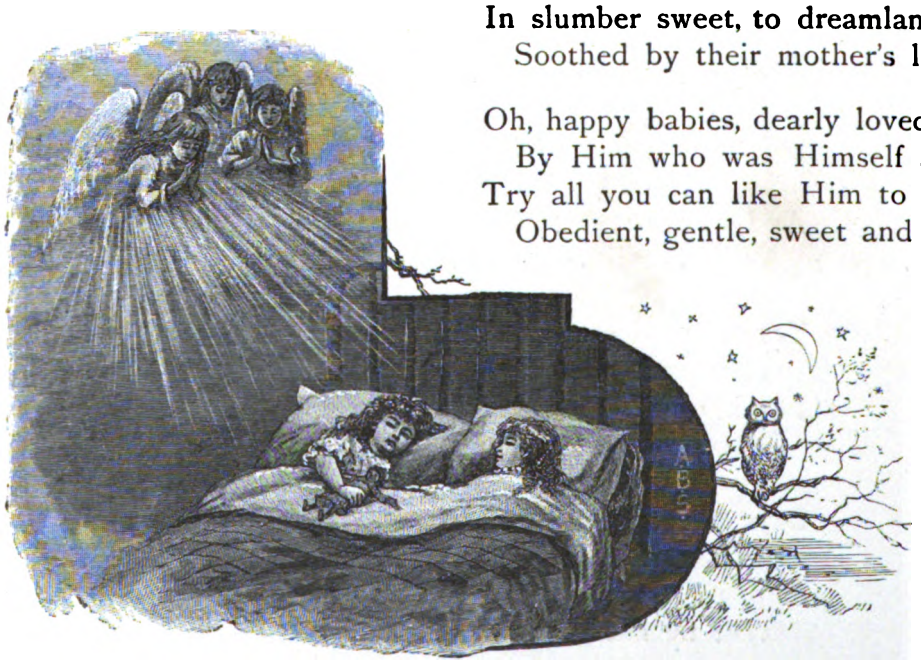
"Hello, Moolly, here I am!
Want an apple nice and sweet?"
Moolly *moos*, and that means "Yes,
Glad of *all* things nice to eat."

Oh, the day is fair and light,
Skies are made of sunshine bright.
"But," thinks moolly cow, "to me,
Nothing half so sweet can be
As the dear child who comes this way
With apples nice for *me* to-day."

AT NIGHT.

At night the angels keep their watch
O'er little children as they lie
In slumber sweet, to dreamland gone,
Soothed by their mother's lullaby.

Oh, happy babies, dearly loved
By Him who was Himself a child,
Try all you can like Him to be,
Obedient, gentle, sweet and mild.



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LUCY'S BIRTHDAY.

This is my birthday, did you know it?
See what I had from my mamma.
I brought it out with me, to show it.
And wasn't it kind in dear papa
To buy a dog for me, named Fido?
A lovely doggie dressed in white.
Papa says we'll cut many a dido,
And have good fun from morn till night.
Oh, Sam, take care! don't hurt my dolly,
She's very little, just like me.
Mamma says I should call her "Polly,"
And play she's "sister," don't you see?

AMUSING BABY.

Sing, sing, what shall I sing,
"The cat ran away with the pudding bag string"!
That's only a rhyme
Of Mother Goose time,
Another of later invention I'll sing.
Sing, sing, what shall it be?
The cat ran away with her kitten from me.
Baby looked up, and baby looked down,
Baby went searching all over the town.
But baby looked under the rocking-chair,
And she found the cat and her kitten there.

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THE DANCING GIRL.

The Organ Man hadn't a monkey, oh no,
But he had a dear little girl,
And whenever he turned the crank around,
She also began to whirl.
Now, one foot out, the other foot in,
And vice versa—so,
Oh, isn't it fun to see her dance,
Be the music quick or slow!

But the Organ Man's girl, you may be sure,
Grows tired once in awhile.
And the little feet ache from heel to toe,
And the sweet face loses its smile.
But speak to her now one kindly word,
And throw her a penny or two,
And with lightened heart and a bow for thanks
She'll merrily dance for you.

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THE TRAINED PIG.

Piggie on her hind legs sat,
Piggie Porker, nice and fat.
Tom, the boy, had trained her so
That she had learned full well to know
Just what he wanted her to do
When a nice apple came to view.
So, grunting loud, she tried to speak,
But all she said was but a squeak,
As on her hind legs long she sat,
Poor piggie porker, nice and fat.

WASHING DAY TROUBLES.

I know a little girl who tried,
To wash her dolly's clothes, one day,
In Bridget's great, big tub, and cried
Because mamma sent her away

To find her own small dolly-tub,
More fit for little girls to use.
But naughty Sally shook her head
And all suggestions did refuse.

And when she found herself alone,
She went to Bridget's tub again,
But, as is sure to be the case,
Her disobedience brought her pain.

For, what do you think? she tumbled in,
And gave herself an awful fright,
And no one pitied her; in fact,
They all *laughed* at her in her plight.

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SIX LITTLE FRIENDS.

Here are some more little friends of mine,
Let me introduce them to you.
The first is *Madge*, she's a rogue of a girl,
The next is little Miss *Lu*.

MADGE.

The third is *Bennie*, the little
"Thumb-boy,"
For he beckons so much, you
see;
It is always a jerk of that little
fat thumb,
And a call, "Come over to
me."

The fourth is *Robbie*, my plaintive young lad,
The boy who has always a trace
Of tears that are ready to shine in his eyes,
And roll down his sad little face.

The fifth is *Patty*, the "bare-footed girl,"
Who, if she were left to choose,
Would always trot round in her little bare feet,
And wear on her hands, her shoes.

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BENNIE.

And now comes *Teddy*, my
wee, sweet boy,
Who wearily, drearily begs
That *some one* will "*till all de*
steeter buds,"
That bite those chubby stout
legs.

ROBBIE.

But no one can blame the mosquitos, I'm sure,
For trying their best to eat
A wee little, dear little morsel like Ted,
From his head to his feet so sweet.

PATTY.

And now you know all of my
precious *six*,
And what do you think of
them, pray?
Perhaps I will find some more
dear little friends,
And introduce them some
day.

TEDDY.

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THE PET HORSE.

The good old horse, how well he knows
  What Jackie has so nice,
He takes it from the little hand
  And eats it in a trice.

And Jackie thinks it "jolly fun"
  To feed his gentle pet;
But, little boy, hold on! my dear,
  I fear you quite forget

Those apples are for apple pie,
  Mamma is waiting, too,
To use them, and she's wondering now
  What has become of you.

You'd better hop from off that fence
  And scamper home full fast,
And that's the only way, my boy,
  To make those apples last.

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ON THE FENCE.

"This way or that,"
Thinks the squirrel, one day,
"I wish I knew which
Is the pleasantest way!"

So she pauses to think,
"Shall I take this side,
Where the grass is green
And the fields are wide?

Or keep to the road
Which lies just below?
If I knew which is best
I'd take it, you know."

Oh, poor little squirrel,
It's only too true,
There are plenty of yeople
Half puzzled like you,

Not knowing which side
They will take, and hence
They calmly remain
Like you—"*on the fence.*"

A MESSAGE FOR GRANDPA.

Little Ned a message takes
To grandpapa to-day.
"Open it, do, grandpa, read
What my mamma does say.

"'Cause I *guess* I almost know
You're to come to tea.
I heard mamma
Say to papa
She'd send a note by me.

"So Rover came to take good care
Of me along the way,
And here's the note; please grandpa see
What mamma has to say."

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"CROSS PATCH!"

Cross Patch, cross Patch,
What's the matter now?
Why that wail of fretfulness,
And scowl upon your brow?

Milk upset and wasted!
Water in your plate,
No one's sorry, old cross Patch,
For your wretched fate.

You began the morning
With a frown, my lad,
And every word that you have said
Has made your mother sad.

And by your pettish temper,
You've spoiled your breakfast, too,
Cross Patch, cross Patch,
No one pities you.

GALLANTRY.

Says Willie to Jennie,
One summer day,
"Allow me to pluck you
A field nosegay."

Says Jennie to Willie,
"Accept from me
My thanks for your kindness
And gallantry."

So he gave her a buttercup
Yellow and bright.
She said she liked better
A daisy so white.

Said Willie, "I offered you this, you see
"'Cause *you* are—'a daisy'
Yourself," said he.

PLAYMATES

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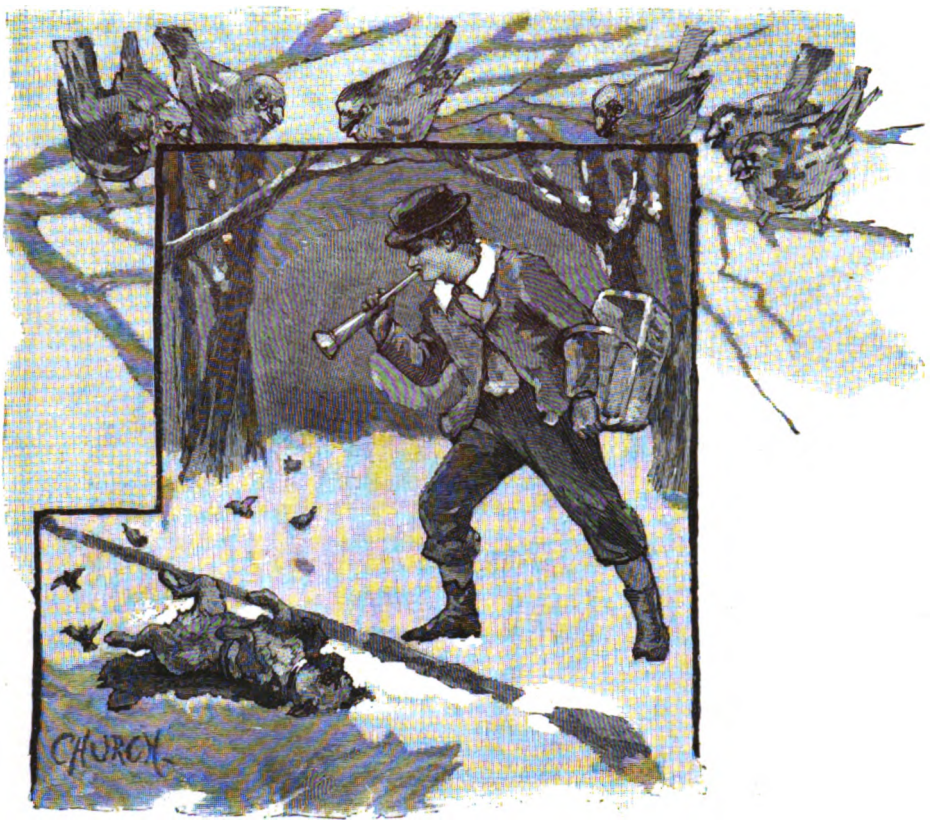

THE TIRED DOGGIE.

Poor tired doggie, lying down
To take a minute's rest? no, no,
For here comes Master Sammy Jones,
To wake you up with one big blow
From out his trumpet all so new,
And nothing any one can do,
Will make that tiresomest of boys
Stop making that provoking noise.

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AFTER A BIRD.

'Twas the story told by the neighbor's dog,
The funniest ever heard.
Said he, "The *bird* was after a *worm*,
And the *cat* was after the *bird*.

And *I* was after the *cat*, you know,
And Neddie was after *me*.
Oh, dear, bow-wow, bow-wow-wow-wow!
'Twas the funniest sight to see!

The worm crawled into its little hole,
The bird flew over the hill,
The cat turned round
With a sudden bound,
And hissed at me with a will.

And I was just in the midst of a bark,
When Neddie, my master, came,
And took me home, and that was the way
The *rest* of us — missed our game.

LEADING THE HORSE TO WATER.

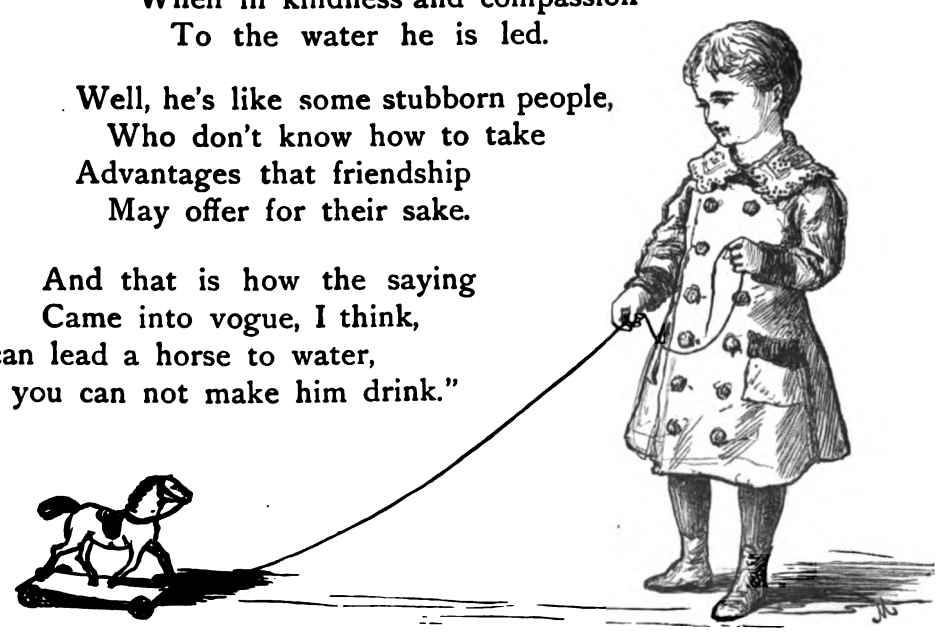
"You can lead the horse to water,
But you can not make him drink."
That's a saying, Master Johnny,
Old as the hills, I think.

Strange that a horse so docile
As yours appears to be,
Who follows where you lead him
So well and quietly,

Should yet prove so unyielding,
And refuse to bow his head,
When in kindness and compassion
To the water he is led.

Well, he's like some stubborn people,
Who don't know how to take
Advantages that friendship
May offer for their sake.

And that is how the saying
Came into vogue, I think,
"You can lead a horse to water,
But you can not make him drink."



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THE LITTLE MATES.

"I'll get your bonny boat, my dears,
And bring her back to you,
And if you are her captains, I
Would like to be her crew."

"Oh, no," says lisping Effie, "she
Belongs to brother Joe.
He is her captain, Bess and I
Are little *mates*, you know."

"When Joe comes back and finds her gone,
How sorry he will be.
We'll thank you, sir, when you have brought
Our ship safe home from sea."

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IN THE WOODS.

In the woods, but not, you see,
In the fragrant summer time,
When the groves ring glad and free
With the happy song-birds' chime.
No, but in the autumn sere,
When the leaves lie all around,
Fallen from the trees, my dear,
Carpeting the chilly ground.

Sue and Teddy like to go
Picking up the cones, you know.
Pretty little frames they make,
Which they mean one day to take
To the village store to sell,
For the children know full well
How to help mamma each day,
Combining useful work with play.

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LITTLE BUNNIES.

"Awful cunning, aren't they, grandpa?
How they wag their ears! and see!
They're so very tame and gentle
They are not afraid of me."

"May be not," says grandpa, laughing,
"May be not, but *I* am, Joe,
Lest you come too near, and stumble
'Gainst old grandpa's gouty toe.

"Then I guess you'd hear some squealing,
Not from bunnies, but from *me*;
Stand a little back, my laddie,
Then your treasures I will see."

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A SMALL "MAID-OF-ALL-WORK."

This is the girl who likes to wash
Her dolly's clothes in the tub, you know,
To-day she's happier far than then,
For mother has given consent, and so

Our little maid is making a pie,
"To s'prise papa when he comes to tea,"
And Bridget promised to help her, and
An excellent pie it's sure to be.

———o———

This is the very same little girl
Who washed the clothes and made the pie.
To-day she's down in the kitchen again,
Eager, happy, and mounted high

On Bridget's stool, the better to reach
And iron the apron Bridget wears.
And Bridget says, "Och, bless the child!
If she scorches that same, sure, no one cares.
It's happy the darlint is, you see,
Whenever she's down here helping me!"

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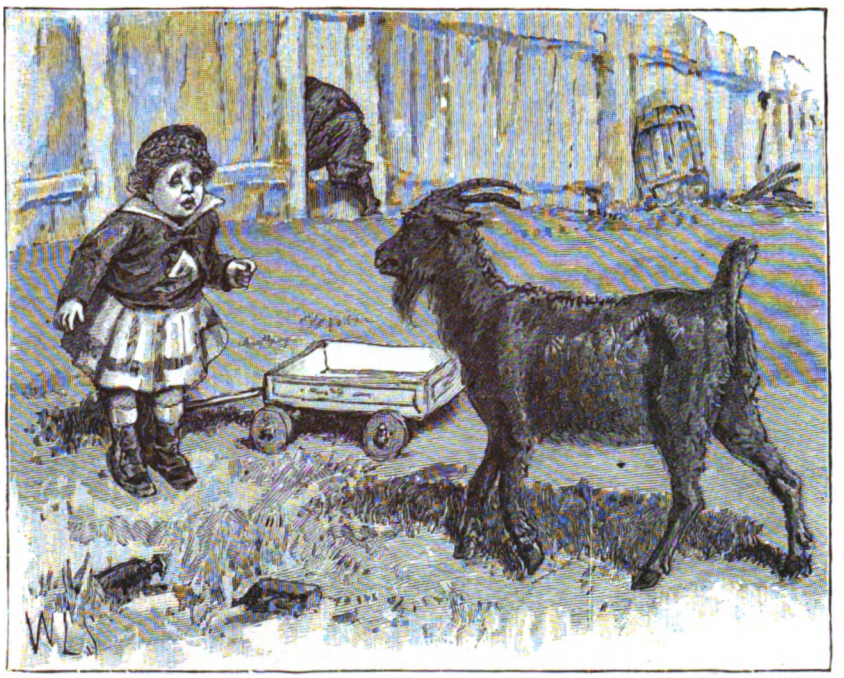

"GO 'WAY!"

"Go 'way, you naughty Billy goat!
Go 'way, go 'way, go 'way!
I do not want a thing like you
To come with me and play!

"Your horns are sharp, your eyes are fierce,
You are too much for me,
I'd rather you would come some time
When — I've grown big, you see."

But Billy marches right along,
Says he, "Stop screeching, do.
I've more important work on hand
Than heeding such as you."

A PAIR OF US.

"Oh, here we are," the birdie sings,
"And we're a happy pair."
And merrily his song rings out
Upon the summer air.

"My wife and I are on the way
Our wedding trip to take to-day.
When we return come one and all
Dear neighbors, and give us a call.
A *happy* pair we'll always be,
Because in love we'll both agree."

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AN IMPROMPTU ENTERTAINMENT.

Out under the trees they went together,
All in the shine of summer weather,
Bound for an hour of real good fun,
With plenty to do till the hour was done.

So up jumped Ned, and the others knew well
He was making ready a story to tell.
First it was doleful, and then it was glad,
Sometimes they laughed, sometimes were sad.

But a very good story it proved to be,
That Ned was telling under the tree.
And before they guessed it the hour was done,
And they said good-by to the story and fun.

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SUCH A "PROPER" LITTLE MISS.

Such a "proper" little miss!
Not a bit like little sis,
Oh, dear, no!
She never cared to play,
But would rather sit all day
Just for show,
With unrumpled dress and skirt,
Dainty shoes unharmed by dirt,
Stiff and still,
While *one* merry little maid
In the healthful sunshine played
At her will.

Rosy cheeks had little sis,
'Neath the summer breezes' kiss,
But, dear me!
"Miss Sedate" was white and weak,
With no color in her cheek,
Sad to see!

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CRUEL TOM.

He's a naughty, cruel brother,
As any one can see,
To tease and frighten Annie,
And mock her misery.

He declares he's only playing
She's a fish that he has caught,
But I think a boy so cruel,
Some hard lesson should be taught.

May be Tom's papa will show him
By a "game" that's very plain,
How to take a *boy* and—*shingle*,
And "*just play you're threshing grain.*"

May be Tommy will not like it
Any better, don't you see?
Than his little sister Annie
Likes "a nice big fish" to be.

THE GAME OF BALL.

On the chair sits kitty-cat,
Playing ball with Joe;
Josie throws it up, and puss
Throws it down, you know.

That's the way they like to play,
Sometimes on a rainy day,
Baby Joe, so sweet and fat,
And gentle little kitty-cat.

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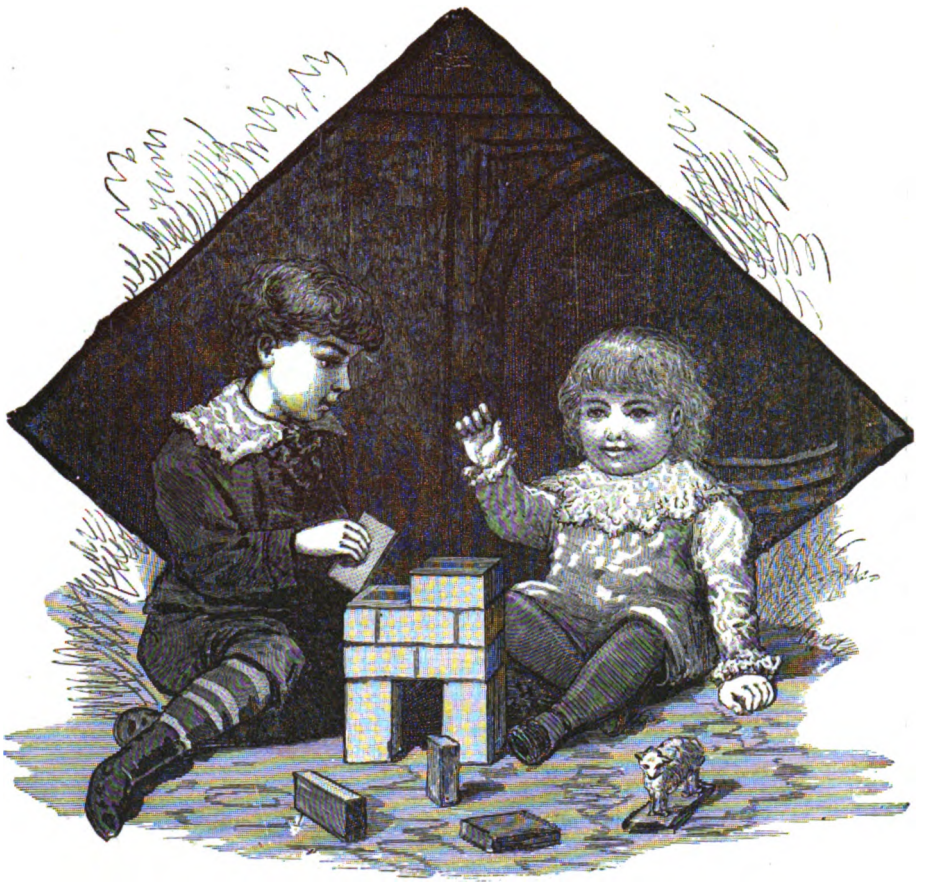

HOUSE BUILDING.

Charley is the workman,
The "Boss" is Ted, you see.
"Now hurry, Charley, hurry,
And build my house for me!"

So Charles "'tends to the business,"
And works so well and fast,
That Teddy's house is finished
Ere yet an hour is past.

But what a fatal error!
The foundations are so slight
I'm afraid the house will tumble,
Then what a sorry sight!

Here's a bit of moral,
Let us, as we older grow,
Build our characters so strongly
They will last for aye, you know.

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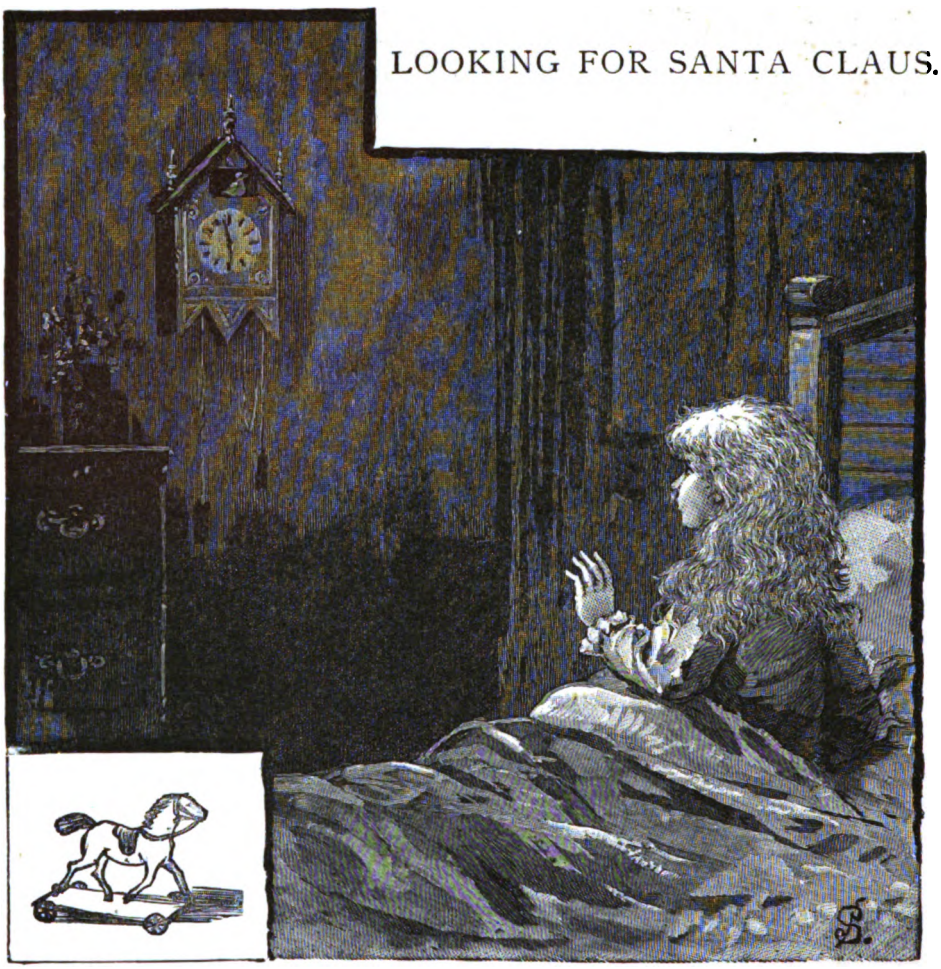

LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

Does any one know a little girl
Who went to bed one Christmas eve,
Determined not to go to sleep,
Because she *really* did believe

That she could see old Santa Claus,
When just at twelve he'd come along,
Bearing a pack of wondrous size
Upon his good old back so strong?

Did any one know that little girl?
I knew her, and I knew that she,
When half-past eleven came was just
As wide awake as she could be.

"But Santa won't be here till twelve,"
She thought, "so I'll lie still, and he
Won't know there's some one watching him
To know just what her toys will be."

Then Flossy laid her curly head
Upon the pillow; but, you know,
Before they think it, little girls
Get carried off to dreamland-O!

And those blue, watchful eyes at once
Fell fast asleep, nor opened when
At twelve o'clock old Santa Claus
Came in and hurried out again.

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A NICE FIT.

"A very nice fit!" of course it is,
And there's the little lass
Who likes to do as sister does,
And stand before the glass,
That she may see from top to toe
How the new coat will fit,
The brand new coat that mamma made!
How proud she is of it!

And there's the dainty little hat,
With ribbon and with feather,
All ready for the curly head,
And pleasant, sunny weather.
Then Mabel will go out to walk
With nurse about the square,
And every one will like to see
The little maid so fair.

AN "UPSET."

Never mind, old fellow,
Play you are—"*a man*,"
And stop that fearful howling
As soon, dear, as you can.

"Upsets," we know, are common
To all mankind, but then
Wise folks, instead of crying,
Set up their plans again.

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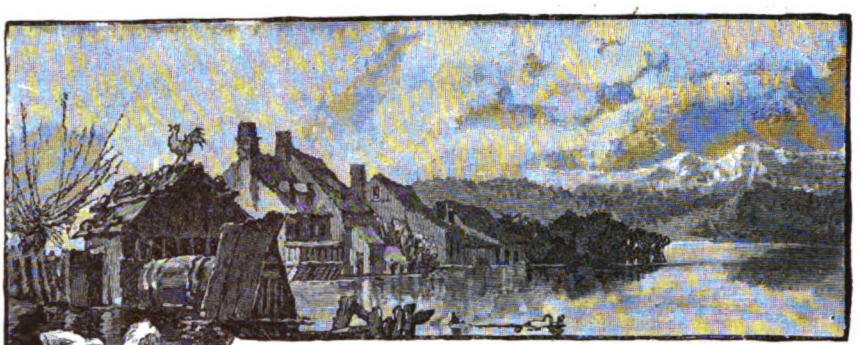
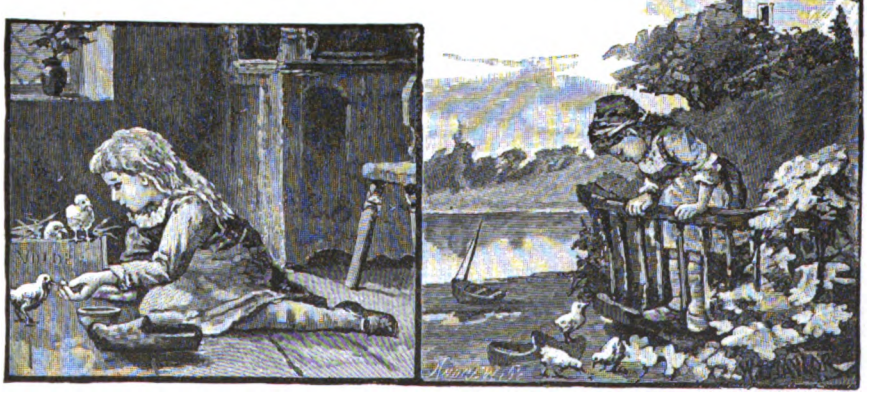
THREE LITTLE CHICKS.



Three little chicks went sailing,
On a summer's day;
Three little chicks went drifting
Far from home away.

Three little chicks grew frightened,
Cried for help! Dear me!
They'd rather roam the barn-yard
Than sail away to sea.



Three little chicks were rescued,
And — I have heard 'tis true,
Those chicks will run like lightning
When any one cries — "*Shoo!*" (Shoe.)

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GATHERING WILD FLOWERS.

Lou and Carrie and Lorina,
(*She's* a dolly, have you seen her?)
To the field went out one day
To pick flowers sweet and gay.

Lou and Carrie did the work,
Miss *Lorina* did but shirk
All the labor, never smiling,
The weary work beguiling.

But her playmates they were willing,
And they worked so well and fast
That they crowned their lazy dolly,
And made her "*queen*" at last.

"JUST WAIT TILL I'M A MAN!"

Just wait till *I'm* a man, mamma!
Just wait till *I'm* a man, papa!
I tell you what, 'twill make folks smile
To see how I'll come out in style.
I'll grow so hearty, big and fat
My head will fit most any hat,
And I can use a cane so high
'Twill reach *almost* to the blue sky.
Just wait till *I'm* a man, mamma!
Just look out *well* for style, papa!

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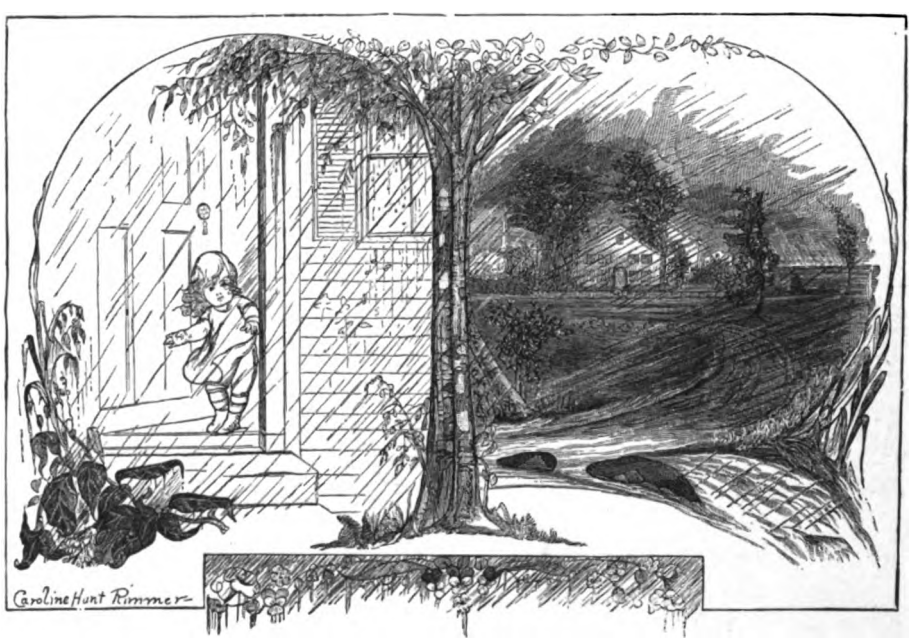
"CUCKOO!

HEAR up in the top of a pretty clock,
There lives a little cuckoo,
And he likes to peep from his cosy home,
To tell the hours to you.

He flaps his wings
And he gaily sings
As the hours of day go by,
"Oh, listen to me,
My friends, and see
How fast the moments fly.

"Cuckoo-cuckoo,
'Tis very true,
How fast the moments fly;
It seems absurd
That though I'm a bird,
'Tis the *moments* that fly, not *I*."

THE RAIN.



Oh, dear me! how fast it rains
No, baby, don't go out,
The rain will wet you, and the wind
Will blow you all about.
Just wait till in a little while
The clouds shall melt away,
And the glad sun come dancing out
To call my pet to play.

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GOOD-BY, PET.

Good-by, my pet, good-by! I know
That you must long to fly
All free, at last, from prison bars,
And upward to the sky.

But don't forget I cured your wing,
And made you well again,
When you were wounded by old puss,
And made to suffer pain.

And don't forget me, pretty bird,
'Tis love for you, you know,
That prompts me now to ope the door,
And let my sweet dove go.

BY, BABY, BY.

Safe on mother's loving breast,
Sinks the little child to rest.
All contented there to lie,
And hear the low "By, baby, by!"
Sung by mother's lips alone,
In mother's ever tender tone,
And meant for only baby's ear,
"By, baby, by-o, baby dear."

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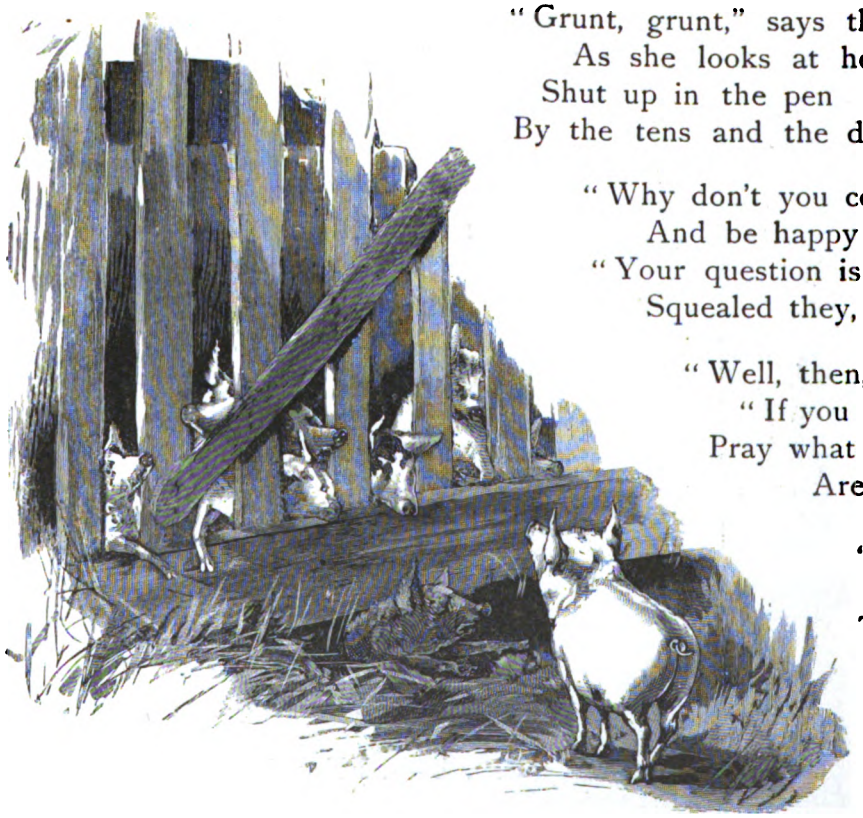
BLOWING BUBBLES.

Little Nannette sits all alone,
Blowing her fairy bubbles,
"A bowl of soap and a new clay pipe"
Are a cure for all *her* troubles.

She's only one wish, and you couldn't guess
What that can be, if you try;
She would like *inside of the bubble to be,*
And soar way up to the sky.

"WHY DON'T YOU COME OUT?"



"Grunt, grunt," says the pig,
As she looks at her cousins,
Shut up in the pen
By the tens and the dozens.

"Why don't you come out,
And be happy like me?"
"Your question is silly,"
Squealed they, "quee, quee!"

"Well, then," says the pig,
"If you *can't* come out,
Pray what in the world
Are you grunting about?

"If a thing can't be helped,
Make the best of it, do,
That's my parting advice,
Dearest cousins, to you."

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"I WANT TO PLAY, TOO."

Little Lucy at the door,
Has knocked so timidly,
"*I* want to have a good time, too,
May I come in?" asks she.

"My dress is poor, and yes, I know
My feet are bare, but I
Can laugh and play like others, when
I get a chance to try."

"Poor little girl!" the others say,
"She ought to have her share of play.
Let's stay out on the grass and run,
And give the little girl some fun.
And surely we shall happier be
For helping *her be glad*, you see?"

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TEDDY.

Just a midget, sweet and fair,
Is the "household king." His hair
Full of golden sunshine lies,
Just above the sunny eyes.

Rosy cheeks, and lips so sweet;
Dimples in his hands and feet;
All our comfort, all our joy,
Lives and smiles in Teddy-boy.

Full of mischief? Well, yes, may be,
Else he would not be a *baby*.
But — when he's *asleep*, dear me,
What baby could more quiet be?

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"SEE! THE DONKEYS RUN!"

"See! see! the *donkeys* run!"
Laughs old long-eared Ned.
"Gracious me! just see them go!
And not one word *I've* said!

"I wonder who's the donkey now?
Ha! ha!" But on they go,
The timid children, cats and dogs,
All "scared to death," you know.

And Neddie quietly comes in
To stand and gaze around,
Then opens his big mouth, and lo!
A most expressive sound

Betrays *his* relish of a joke.
Where are his comrades now?
Gone; vanished like a dream; ah, yes,
And Ned can tell you—*how*

POOR DOGGIE!

"Poor doggie! does it hurt him?
Papa, be gentle, do;
Just see how very sadly
Poor Rover looks at you.
Oh, dear! his leg is broken,
And he'll never jump again.
Oh, doggie! I am sorry
To see you suffer pain!"

And Rover hears his mistress,
The little voice so dear,
For all his sufferings, helps him
Have courage and good cheer.
Papa is very gentle,
And, by and by, I'm sure,
The bandage and the resting
Will make a perfect cure.

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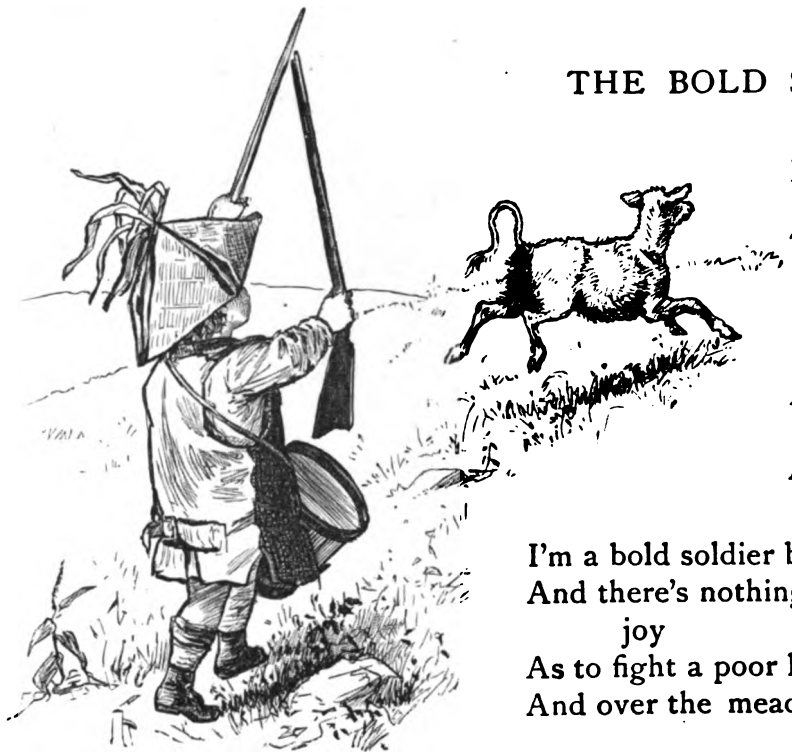

THE BOLD SOLDIER BOY.

I'm a bold soldier boy, don't you see that I scare
The coward old lamb who is scampering there?
With my sword and my gun I have such jolly fun,
And I frighten the natives away-way-way,
As I frighten the natives away.

I'm a bold soldier boy, yes, a brave soldier boy,
And there's nothing will give an old soldier such joy
As to fight a poor lamb with a sword and a gun,
And over the meadow to make the lamb run.

POLLY AND DOLLY.

Polly and Dolly are quiet as mice,
Sitting in state, and dressed up so nice.
Mamma has some friends in the parlor, and so
Polly and Dolly must keep still, you know.
But — here, I will tell you a secret, don't tell,
I'm sorry for Polly, because I know well
She'd rather by far go with Dolly and play,
Than to see mamma's friends, and have nothing to say.
But the company says, "What a sweet, quiet child!
Dear me, is she always so quiet and mild?"
While Polly thinks, "Guess if you *knew* me you'd see
What a regular *Tom-boy* mamma has in me!"

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SETTING A SNARE.

Oh, cruel Freddie, setting snares
  In the meadow fair and green!
What little bird would e'er suspect
  A trick so cruel and so mean?

All cloudless is the azure sky,
  And bright the gladsome summer day,
And fragrant are the breezes light
  Which o'er the daisies skim and play.

All things suggest the sweetest peace,
  Why mar the perfect tender scene,
Oh, cruel Freddie? Come, forbear!
  And play a game less sly and mean.

HARRY'S BAG.

Harry has a wondrous bag,
  In which he keeps his treasure,
And the contents, I am sure,
  Guessing could not measure.

Books and boxes, candies, nuts,
  Knives, and tops, and string,
Pencils, rubber, and a host
  Of trash bewildering.
All within his bag must go,
And no one meddles there, *oh*, *no!*

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LAZY WILLIE.

Oh, Willie is a lazy boy,
A "Sleepy Head" is he.
"Wake up," his little sister cries,
"Wake up and talk to me."

The birds are singing in the trees,
The sun is shining bright,
But sleepy Willie slumbers on
As though it yet were night.

Oh, lazy boys will never grow
To clever manhood, you must know.
So lift your eyelids, sleepy head,
Wake up, and scramble out of bed.

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"MY MEDICINE BOTTLE."

"Yes, this is my medicine bottle,
Mamma sent me up stairs to find.
It's all very well for my mother,
But *I* think it's really unkind

"To make *me* take stuff that is bitter,
And horrid to swallow, dear me!
If *I* were a little girl's mother,
What a different mother I'd be.

"My child should have nothing but sugar,
And candy, and things that are sweet;
And I never would tell her she couldn't
Have just *all* she wanted to eat."

Ah, Jennie, 'tis fortunate, truly,
That you're but a dear *little girl*,
With eyes like the bluest of violets,
And soft golden hair all a-curl.

And that mother is wise in her training
And 'spite of your tears and your frown,
When your cough is so bad and you need it,
Makes you swallow your medicine down.

A PICNIC.

Mrs. Duck and her three children,
On a pleasant summer day,
Thought they'd have a little picnic,
Just to pass the time away.

But they quite forgot their luncheon,
And were hungry as could be,
Till they met some sand ants dining
On the sand bank, merrily.

And the ants they were so civil,
"Come and dine with us," said they.
And the ducks so hungry growing,
Made not the least delay.

But accepted with great pleasure,
And all enjoyed the fete
Except — the kindly sand ants,
Which the *ducks all quickly ate.*

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TOWSER'S LITTLE DOG.

Towser's little doggie!
Oh, but he's a beauty!
And faithful mastiff, Towser,
Knows full well his duty.

Knows that he must watchful be,
And treat his small dog tenderly,
Or else the small dog's master, Grey,
Will have a word or two to say.

Grey is a little boy in kilts,
And Towser, you must know,
Was given to Grey when but a pup,
And so fast did he grow,

That now he's bigger far than Grey,
But gentle, good and mild,
And doesn't spurn his master, though
He knows "he's but a child."

And little Fido was a gift
From Uncle Ned to Grey,
And the two doggies better friends
Are growing every day.

And Towser has full charge, you see,
Of Fido — that's the rule —
When Grey, the little master, goes
With nurse each day to school.

TWO FOOLISH CHILDREN.

Foolish? well, I think so!
What else may it be?
Two youngsters getting in a tub
And playing "go to sea."

The "sea" is but a duck-pond,
But all the same, I know
In just another moment, watch!
Both overboard will go.

Then won't they get a ducking!
And won't it serve them right,
If mother puts them both to bed
Long, long before 'tis night?

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OFF FOR THE COUNTRY.

Pussie, I wish I could take you,
But they won't take *kitties*, you know,
In the house in the country — the big hotel,
Where mamma and I must go.

You must run away from me, pussie,
I'm busy with packing, you see,
But I'll miss you *awfully*, kittie, my dear,
And I wish you were going with me.

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PRINCE AND LION.

Having a frolic on the lawn,
Prince and Lion, see!
Doggies, like the children, love
To frolic merrily.

But do they ever quarrel? Ah,
Like children, too, I fear
These doggies are not *always*
As the picture shows them here.

HER LITTLE SISTER.

Polly stands before the glass
(A much astonished little lass),
And sees another baby there,
With soft blue eyes and golden hair.
She lifts her chubby hand, and lo!
The other baby does just so;
And smiles when Polly smiles, you see,
And Polly, frowning, so does she.
But strangest thing in Polly's eyes,
And that which causes great surprise,
Is that the two *papas* are so
Exactly like each other. Oh!
It's *very* puzzling to Polly,
But papa laughs and thinks it "jolly"!
And tells his puzzled little lass,
It is her "*sister*" in the glass.

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"WE THREE."

"We three," says the parrot, "oh ho! oh ho!
What fun we are having, you know, you know."
But Phil doesn't think so,
Or why does he wink so,
To keep back the tears that would flow, flow, flow?

"We three," says the parrot, "ah ha, ah ha!
What fun we are having, tra-la, tra-la!"
But Rover can't think so,
Or why does he slink so,
And run from his master afar-far-far?

Oh, Rover stood up on his tall hind legs,
To steal from the Polly her bone,
And Phil, running in, pulled the doggie away,
And cried, "You let Polly alone!"

And Rover jumped backward, and over went Phil,
And Polly looked down on the terrible "spill,"
And chuckled to think *she* was out of the muss,
Though she did lose her bone in the general fuss.

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PROMOTED.

Home from school one day she came,
My little daughter Bess,
"Mamma, mamma, I've got such news,
You'd never, never guess!

"I've been promoted, and I'm way
In 'Long Division,' too,
And teacher gave me flowers, mamma,
I've brought them home to you."

Oh, merry little lassie! how
I kissed the happy face;
And prayed that she might win through life
Truth's best and highest place.

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THE MEETING OF THE BIRDS.

Times seemed hard, and winter winds
Blew fierce, and keen, and strong,
And birdies met to plan a way
To help themselves along.
And this and that they each proposed,
With never-ceasing chatter,
Till all the squirrels in the trees
Were wondering, "What's the matter?"

But by and by, when night came on,
And colder grew the weather,
The birdies flapped their shivering wings
And flew away together.

And that was just the *only* thing
In which they were *agreed*.
A queer convention, you will think,
And I say, yes, indeed.

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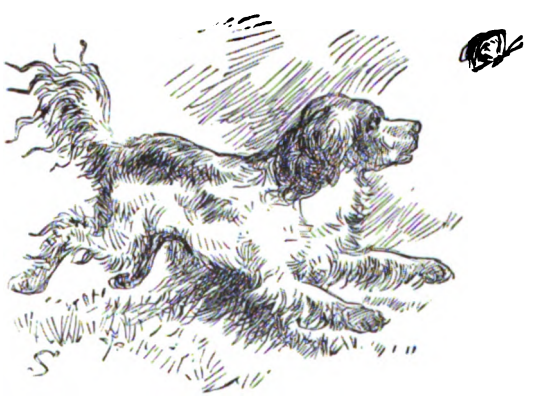
IN THE HAMMOCK.

Now, Harry, you read, and I will play
With dolly quietly,
And nobody'll know just where to come
And bother us, you see.
It's nice and snug among these trees,
And oh, so cool in the lovely breeze,
And I'll listen to you as long as you please
To sit and read to me.

WHO HAD THE BEST OF IT?"



"Why, that's an easy thing, I'm sure,
To answer, don't you see?
The race, of course, could but be won
By the swift-flying bee."

Ah, there, my dear, you do mistake,
As I can prove to you;
The little bee flew high above
Old Neppo's reach, 'tis true,

But lo! a hungry crow just then
Came slowly sailing by,
The little insect soon she saw,
And — "caught it on the fly."

And so *I* think it was the *crow*
The best of matters had,
And only Nep was left to sigh
And bark. "Alas, too bad!"

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A SURPRISING SECRET.

Please, grandpa, let me whisper
A secret in your ear.
You won't tell anybody?
You promise, grandpa, dear?

Well, then, mamma is making
A smoking cap for you,
An' I said to let me help her,
'Cause *I* want to s'prise you too.

But she said I mustn't touch it,
An' I want *you*, dear grandpa,
To 'member that I *wanted*
To make it with mamma.

An' you'll call it half *my* present,
Won't you, grandpa? an' so
Mamma'll jus' be s'prised a little
When she s'prises *you*, you know.

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A FINE LADY.

Did ever you see such wondrous airs!
  Oh, ho! my Lady Jane!
Your airs will blow you quite away,
You'll go to Vanity-land to stay,
  And ne'er come back again.

Pray, what's the price of your hat, my dear?
  And what'll you take for your gloves?
And how'll you sell each pink kid shoe?
And your wonderful dressed-up poodle, too?
  You're a precious pair of loves.

You're all too fine for us, you know,
  With your airs and stately tread,
From your pretty feet to your pretty dress,
And up to your ruffled neck, oh, yes,
  And on to your feathered head.

So go your way, my Lady Jane,
Till you come from Vanity-land again.

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LITTLE SAMBO.

Little Sambo sits a-reading,
When he knows he should be weeding
His mother's little garden, ere the close of day;
But it is a fairy story,
And it spreads a kind of glory
O'er the life of little Sambo, and he likes to stay
In the ricketty old chair,
Just as you see him there,
Reading, reading, reading, till his eyes are dim.
And the weeds are growing fast,
As the moments hurry past,
And — Sambo's mammy's coming with a stick — for him.

"A LITTLE BLOSSOM 'MONGST THE LEAVES."

Just a little blossom,
Dainty, sweet and fair,
Eyes where tears ne'er gather,
Soft and golden hair.

Just a little blossom
'Mongst the leaves so green!
Daintiest little flower
Ever to be seen.

Breezes blowing round her,
Sunshine all above,
Watched, and always cared for,
In a world of love.

Face with pleasure beaming,
Heart so fond and true,
All the children love her!
Don't think it strange, do you!

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TRIPPING DOWN THE LANE.

Tripping down the lane she comes,
  Papa's little girlie,
While the winds are making free
  With golden locks so curly.
Dolly in her arms she bears,
  Happy little mother!
Where papa meets one, he's sure
  There to find the other.

All the sky is red and gold,
  Evening is advancing,
Down to the big pasture gate
  Little maid is dancing.
Soon papa will meet her there,
  Merry little maiden,
And what kisses they will give,
  Kisses all love-laden.

"HUNTING THE SLIPPER."

And where do you think they found it?
  Why, hanging there in the tree,
The slipper papa lost long ago,
And "*nobody* lost it," don't you know?
  While wondering where it could be.

But nobody asked the baby
  For what could a baby know
Of missing or finding? and yet, you see,
'Twas *baby* who carried it out to the tree—
  The slipper lost long ago;

And baby herself who found it,
  When she was walking one day,
And how she laughed, as she said, "papa,
I hided oo s'ipper f'om oo an' mamma,
  I hided it jus' for p'ay!"

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"DON'T BITE ME NEDDIE."

Don't bite me, Neddie, when you take
  This apple from my hand.
I'm most afraid to trust you, but
  I'll let you understand,

That if you are ungrateful, sir,
  And rudely grab for more,
Not one more apple will you get
  From all my tempting store.

That's what my mother says to me,
  When sometimes at the table
I think I am not satisfied,
  And take more than I'm able
To really eat with comfort, and
  I'm pretty sure that you,
If I don't teach you manners, sir,
  Will do the same thing, too.

For, Neddie, if the truth were known,
  You are not half the donkey
Your long ears make you look to be,
  No more than *I'm* a—"*monkey*,"

As people often say I am,
  When I am up to fun.
There, Neddie, you have eaten all
  My apples, one by one.

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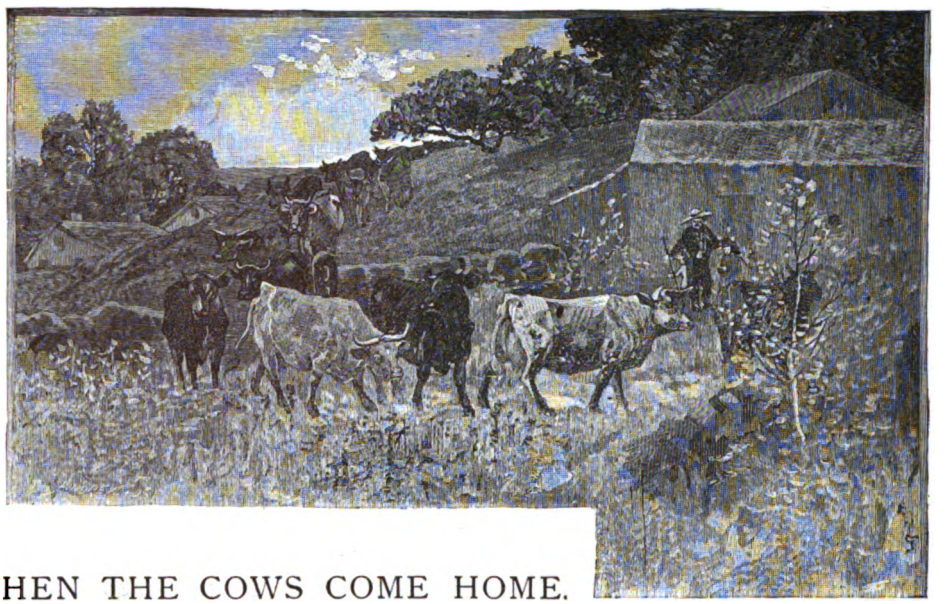

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

When the cows come home at night,
With milk for baby's early tea,
He runs to meet them in the lane,
And what a hungry baby he.

'Tis "Here, Boss,
There, Boss,
Get along, I say!
Come, Whiteface, and old Crumple-horn,
Don't loiter by the way.
Hurry, Star,
Scurry, Star,
Through the grassy lane,
Quick, Moolly, and old Spotted-tail,
'Tis surely very plain

That baby's growing hungry for
His bread and milk so nice and white,
And after he has had his tea,
He'll sweetly sleep till morning light.

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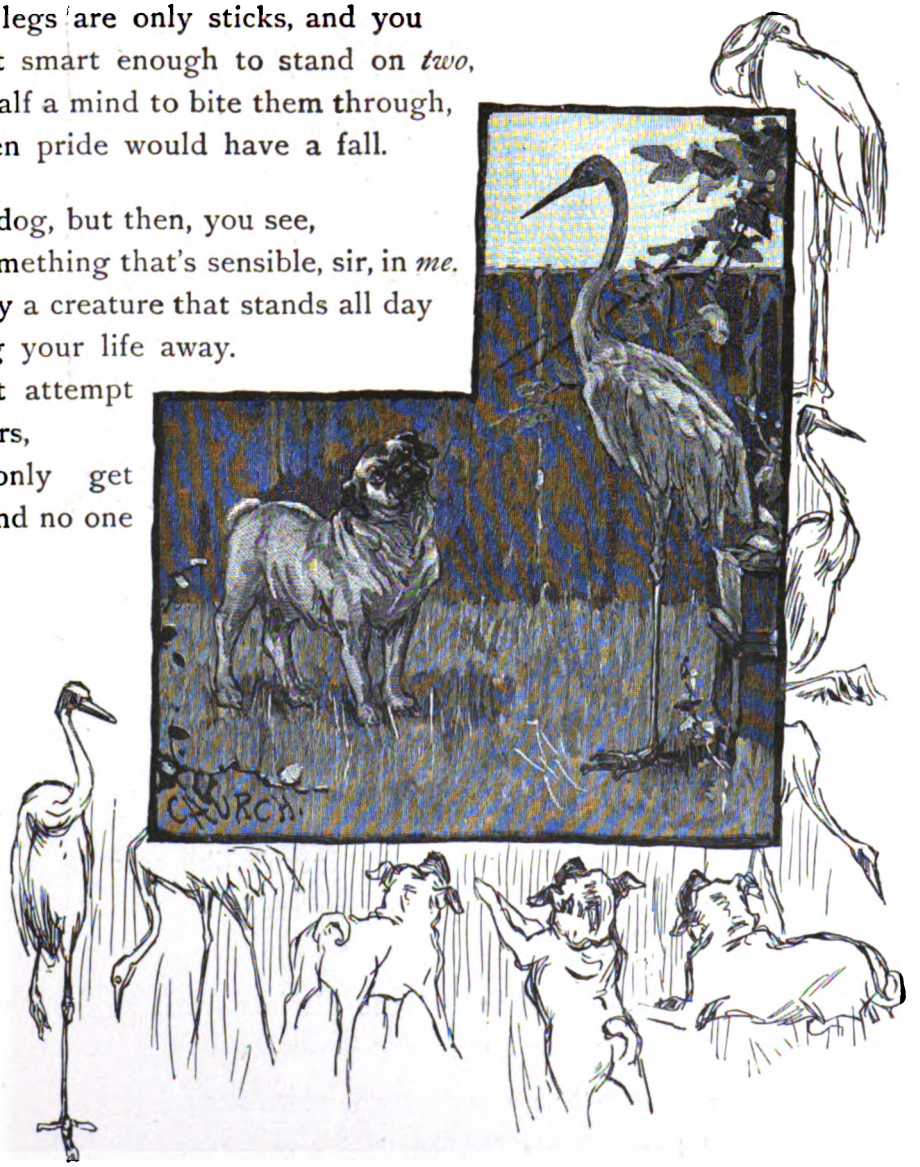
"Whom You Looking Down On?"

Whom you looking down on, pray,
Oh, Mr. Stork, so grand and tall?
Now, I would have you kindly know
I'm not afraid of you at all.

Your legs are only sticks, and you
Aren't smart enough to stand on *two*,
I've half a mind to bite them through,
Then pride would have a fall.

I'm but a dog, but then, you see,
There's something that's sensible, sir, in *me*.
You're only a creature that stands all day
Meditating your life away.

So you needn't attempt to put on airs,
For you'd only get laughed at, and no one cares.



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A KIND LITTLE MASTER.

A kind little master is Jamie-boy,
To carry poor pussie, for she
Has hurt her foot sadly, and doesn't like cold,
And the snow is so deep, you see.

She longs to be warm by the kitchen fire,
While Jamie delights in the snow,
So poor little kitty shall soon be content,
And back to his fun Jamie'll go.

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OUR BABY.

What do you see when you sleep, baby?
What do you see when you sleep?
That you sweetly smile,
And dimple the while,
A watch at your cradle we keep, baby,
A watch at your cradle we keep?

Whom do you talk with then, baby?
Whom do you talk with then?
With whom do you go
To the world of "By-low,"
Over and over again, baby!
Over and over again?

The secret is all your own, baby,
The secret is all your own.
But whatever you do,
It is happily true,
You are always *our* baby alone, darling,
You are always our baby alone.

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SHE DOESN'T LIKE THE FUN.

No indeed! of course not,
Would you, my little boy,
If sisters and if brothers
Should find their daily joy
In teasing you? and scaring
Your very life away?
And laugh when you were crying,
And — didn't like such play?

Well, then, remember pussie
Can feel, and suffer too,
And hates to be maltreated
As truly as would you.
And just because you're *stronger*,
The kinder you should be
To weaker ones about you,
Take this advice from me.

THE CLIFF HOUSE.

There's a house on the cliff, overlooking the sea,
Oh, that is the spot where we're longing to be,
The children and I,
As the days go by,
And the sweet summer breezes are fragrant and free,

'Tis there the wild waves sing their own merry song,
And send their white spray the bold bolders among,
With a clash and a flash,
High upward they dash,
Till high on the cliff the bright sea foam is flung.

Oh, the house on the cliff, the old house that we love!
With the ocean below, and the blue skies above!
Soon the children will go there to frolic away
The hours of many a glad summer's day.

Digitized by Google

SNOWBALLING.

"Snowballing is fun," so Harry thinks,
When he does all the pelting,
And sees the snow so white and cold,
Down *Johnny's* neck fast melting.

But 'tisn't just such jolly sport
When Johnny comes, oh, no!
And, tripping Harry on his back,
Rubs well *his* face with snow.

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"RAIN CAN'T HURT US."

No, indeed! though fast it pour
From leaden skies above,
The big umbrella, as you see,
Quite large enough for two will be,
And dearly do they love —
These two — to hear the rain drops fall,
And patter overhead:

"For not a drop can fall on us!"
Laughs gleeful little Fred.
And Mamie cuddles close beside
Her manly little brother,
And says, "I ain't afraid, you see,
'Cause I've got Fred, and Fred's got me,
And we've both got each other."

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A "BIG FIND."

Yes, indeed! a "right big find,"
As the children say,
And that is what our birdies four
Have come across to-day.

Only think! a sheaf of wheat!
No other birds around,
And not a cat or cruel boy
To drive them off the ground!

The mother bird, the father bird,
The *little* birds, and all,
Are going to have a jolly feast
From off that wheat-sheaf tall.

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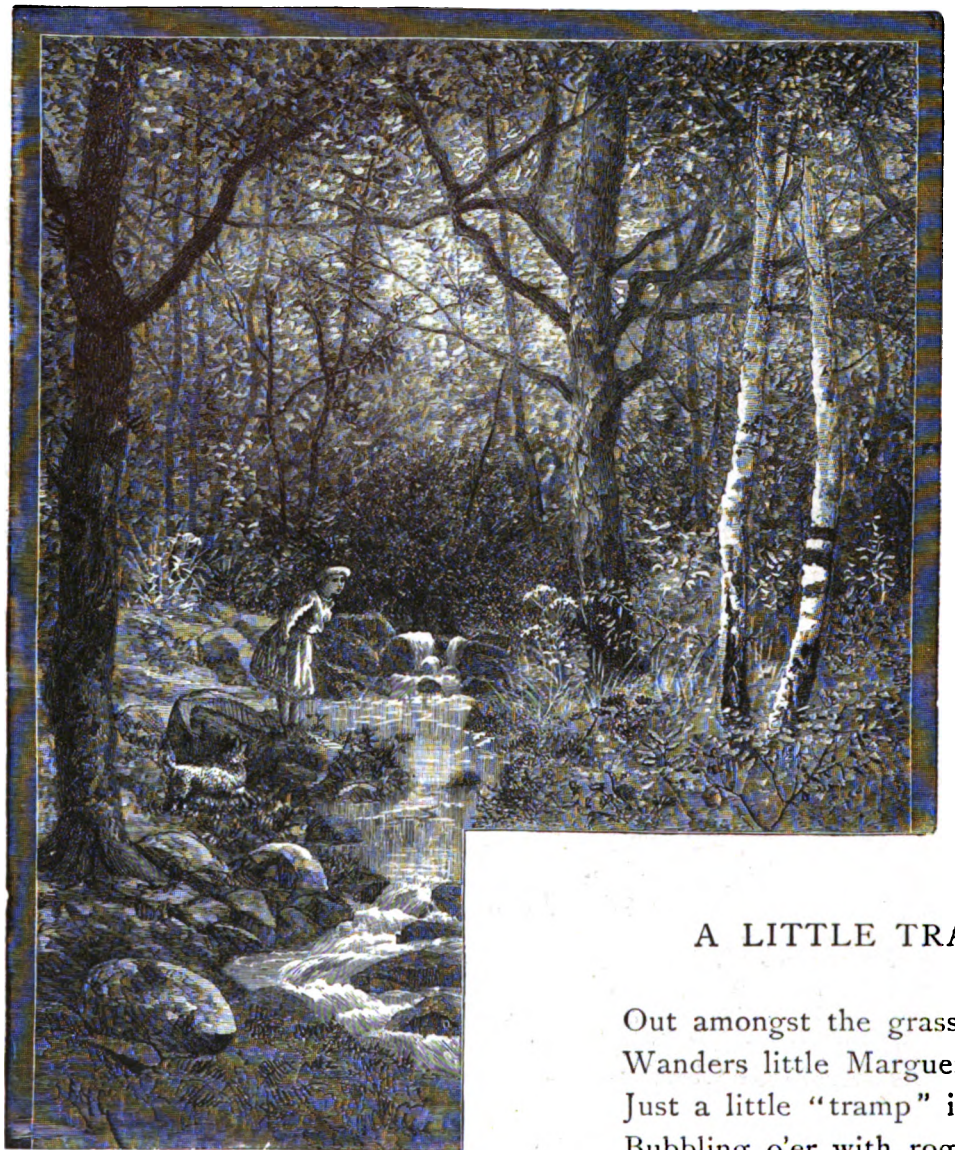

A LITTLE TRAMP.

Out amongst the grasses sweet,
Wanders little Marguerite.
Just a little "tramp" is she,
Bubbling o'er with roguish glee.

Now she's found the babbling brook,
Listen! "Marguerite, come and look
At my ripples as they flow,
Good for tired feet, you know.
Little girl, jump in and play
With me on this summer's day."
"No, no, no!" laughs Marguerite,
Dancing off on tireless feet,
"I've but time for 'how d'ye do,'
Then I'm off for pleasures new."

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"OH, THAT MOUSE!"

Such a daring little thief!
But then what can he do?
He's fond of cake, and there's no way
That he can get it, day by day,
Except by creeping through
That tiny hole within the wall
And making a small raid
Upon the closet shelf, you see,
To study out, all silently,
How that nice cake is made.

Now if *you* were a little mouse,
I'm sure you'd do the same.
But oh, I know a *two-legged mouse*,
And — Bertie is his name.

He thinks it fun to creep within
The closet door, to find
The jam, or cookies, and such things
As suit his taste and mind.

And Betty often cries, "Dear me!
A queer, two-legged mouse I see!"

"MY LITTLE GIRL."

Child —

"She's only a pussie dressed up, you see,
But she makes a nice little girl for me,
And I like to trot her upon my knee."

Pussie —

"Oh, yes, no doubt I'm a nice 'little girl,'
But my kittenish head is all in a whirl.
I'm trotted to death from kindness, I know,
But on my *own* trotters I'd far rather go.
If my mistress but knew it, I'd like it best
To be only her *pussie* in soft *fur* dressed."

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SUMMER AND WINTER.

Summer or winter? which to choose!
Ah, that is hard to do,
For where's the boy who summer loves,
Does not love winter, too?

The summer-picnics in the woods!
Oh, what could nicer be!
And winter-coasts adown the hill,
When cheers ring out so free!

Oh, give us both, each in its time,
The song of birds, the sleigh-bells' chime!
Come summer's or come winter's weather,
We love them well—and both together.

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POOR LITTLE NANNIE.

Poor little Nannie, all day long,
  Wandering here and there!
Asking with timid eyes and tongue,
  "Please, have you a penny to spare?"

No mother, no father! alas, how sad!
  Hungry and cold, poor child!
Always roaming on little bare feet,
  Though cold the weather, or mild.

Johnny is kind to the beggar girl,
  He is giving her money now,
And her heart is warm with its gratitude,
  And a smile has brightened her brow.

Johnny's own heart is happier too,
  For every one knows 'tis a fact
That nothing will make us half as glad
  As when we do a kind act.

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HOW THEY MADE UP.

Two naughty little people
  Had a quarrel one sad day,
Each said that with the other,
  She never more would play.

And so upon each other
  Their little backs they turned,
And all the old-time fondness
  Alas! they coldly spurned.

But oh! their hearts grew weary,
  The anger died away,
Each hoped that soon the other
  Would have a word to say.

Each waited, oh! how sadly!
  Each moved a *little* near,
And each "around the corner"
  Began, at last, to peer.

Then Nellie held her dolly
  To Annie with a smile:
"You may have it if you want to,
  And play with it awhile."

Then Annie quickly followed
  The rule she knew was right:
"I've got an apple, Nellie,
  I'll give *you a big bite.*"

And somehow the wee faces
  Met fair and square at last,
And kisses sweet and loving
  Sent the quarrel flying fast.

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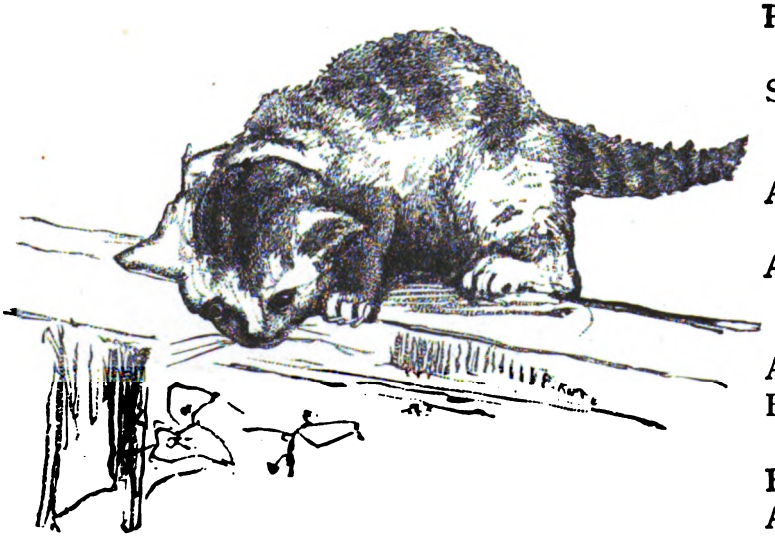
FOUR PLAYMATES.

Four little playmates, dont you see?
Happy as playmates well can be.
But two are black, and two are white,
Look at the picture, you'll see I'm right.
One white kitty with legs full *four*,
The other white kitty with *two*—no more.
The mother cat, and the jet black kitty,
Oh, wouldn't it be a dreadful pity
If four little playmates didn't agree?
'Twould spoil their pleasure at once you see.

WATCHING.



Pussy on the garden wall,
Watches long and well;
She has a secret, don't you know,
Which she will never tell.

A robin's nest lies just below,
In bushes green and thick,
And pussy had her mind made up
To give a jump so quick

And grab a meal of birdies there.
But—oh, dear me! she doesn't dare,
For Towser, honest dog is near,
And jumping will cost pussy dear.

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RIDING PIG-A-BACK.

Riding, riding pig-a-back,
Look at merry, laughing Jack!
Piggie seems to think it fun,
And knows that when the ride is done
He'll have from master Jack a treat,
By way of something good to eat.

SUPPER TIME.

"Chick, chick, chick!
Come, hurry, hurry quick!
Here's meal so nice,
Come in a trice,
For supper time is here!"

Cheep, cheep, cheep,
We're coming in a heap.
How nice and sweet
Is meal to eat!
We thank you, mistress dear.

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OFF FOR A CANTER.

Off for a canter, fast and far!
How long do you think 'twill take, mamma,
For pony and I to get to town,
Riding so fast up hill and down?

Just look at the way my pony goes,
Breathing fire from mouth and nose.
Just notice how he covers the ground!
He's the *fastest* horse could ever be found.

Good-by, mamma, don't worry at all,
Lest I from pony should have a fall.
It won't be long till we reach the town,
Riding so fast up hill and down.

VANITY.

He's only a peacock, to be sure,
But he thinks there never was bird so fine,
And never a creature the wide world thro'
Could cut in dress such a wonderful shine.
And there's little Sir Vanity knows how to do,
But strut, and hold himself up to view.

Did you ever hear of the peacock girls?
Proud of their dress, their eyes, their curls?
Thinking of nothing but dress and style?
Frowns for *home*, and for *strangers* a smile?
Oh, aren't they silly? And nobody cares
A single whit for their foolish airs.
Oh, children, always be pleasant, and see
How charming *character*-beauty may be.

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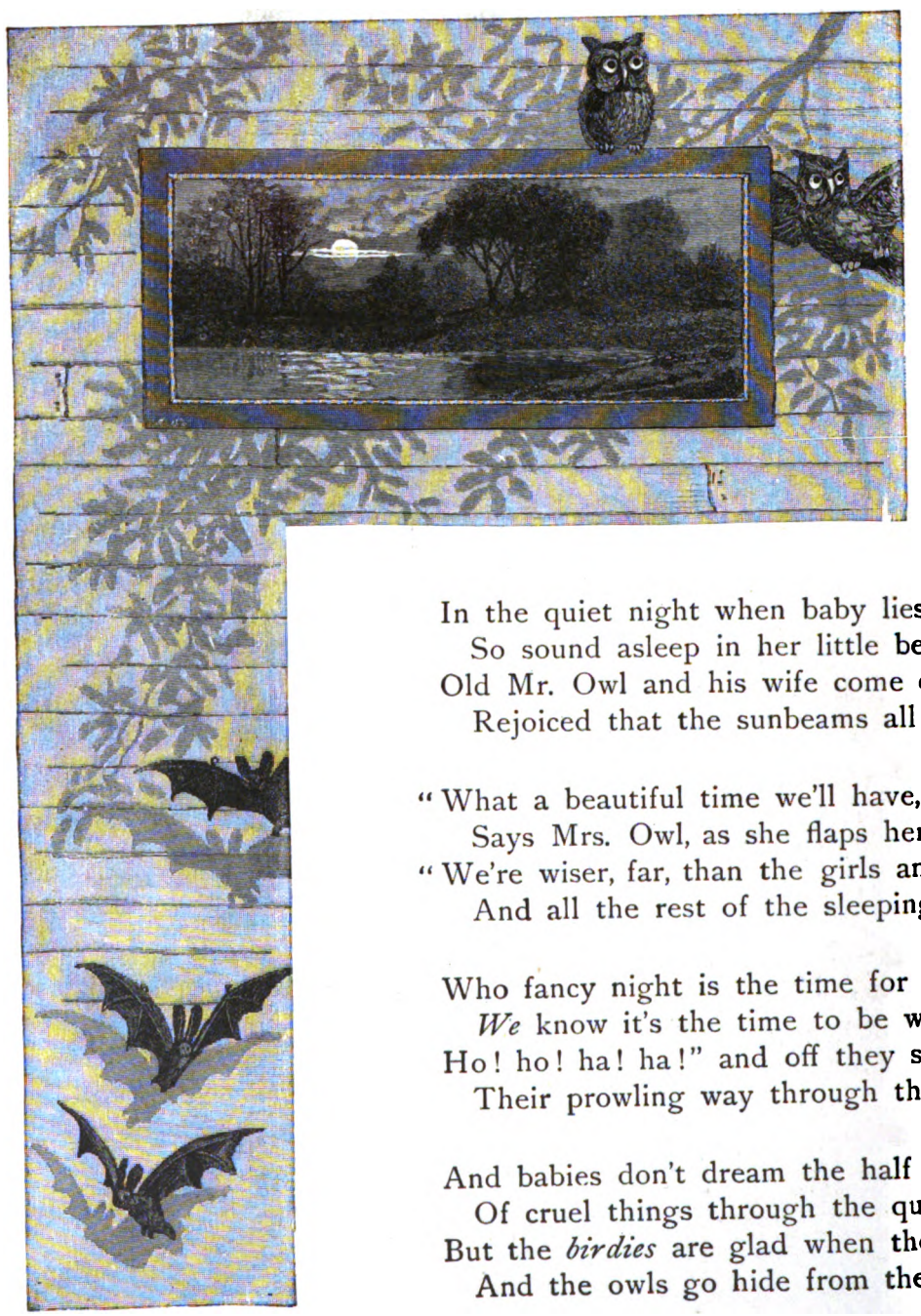
Mr. and Mrs. Owl.



In the quiet night when baby lies
So sound asleep in her little bed,
Old Mr. Owl and his wife come out
Rejoiced that the sunbeams all have fled.

"What a beautiful time we'll have, my dear,"
Says Mrs. Owl, as she flaps her wings,
"We're wiser, far, than the girls and boys,
And all the rest of the sleeping things

Who fancy night is the time for sleep;
We know it's the time to be wide awake.
Ho! ho! ha! ha!" and off they start,
Their prowling way through the woods to take.

And babies don't dream the half they do
Of cruel things through the quiet night.
But the *birdies* are glad when the darkness flees,
And the owls go hide from the morning light.

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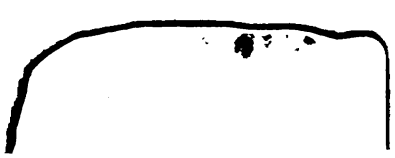

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